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GIFT OF
MIRROR BOARD

THE
MIRROR
PHILLIPS ACADEMY ANDOVER



Volume LXXI No. 1

December, 1929

This letter was written to P.F. Collier & Company
by the manager
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to the South Pole - March 1

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COVER DESIGN BY MARTIN H. DONAHOE

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The Unknown Race

BY HAROLD N. BOYLE, JR.

CIVILIZATION had penetrated to the far corners of the earth; man's relentless commercialism had so bound the world together in units of trade that little or nothing remained undiscovered or unutilized. A single exception was Jalva, a small South Sea island, a haven of beauty. Possibly it had been known and purposely neglected as unworthy of commercial notice, but I prefer to believe that its resistance to civilization, as represented both by traders and missionaries, was due to the intuitive realization of its inhabitants that white man's civilization was a delusion.

Two hundred years prior to the year 1922 an eminent medicine man, the great Hermal, had lived on this island. Because of the astounding accuracy of his prophecies and interpretation of omens, he was revered and feared as a god.

In the early years of the seventeenth century a great submarine island had made its appearance about sixteen miles south of Jalva. In 1721 Hermal had prophesied an eruption of this island (called Kalmala by the natives) on the twenty-eighth of August, 1722 (by our method of reckoning time). According to him, after this eruption the mountain would lie dormant for two hundred years; then a bicentennial celebration would occur and cause an even greater disaster than before.

On the twenty-eighth day of August in 1722, in the latter part of the afternoon, barely a few of the natives of a once great tribe were left huddling together on the peak of the highest hill on the island, which was itself only sixty feet above the sea level. The tidal wave had spared very few. Thus the first prophecy was fulfilled.

A simple fisherman, now twenty years old, who had made his living by casting his net into the emerald sea, had managed to work up a fairly good trade with the other natives, bartering for his simple needs in life; in fact, he felt that he could well afford to get married and had determined to do so. Yes, tomorrow he was to marry the beautiful Mioli. Flower girls had been chosen and simple festivities

had been completed. Now there was nothing to do but fish, sigh, and wait. It didn't seem possible to him that tomorrow, the twenty-ninth of August, 1922 (by our time) he was really to be married.

Faithfully from lip to lip down through the generations the prophecy of the great Hermal had been passed along. Now as he cast his nets, the fisherman thought of this prediction. A shudder ran down his back. "True, Mount Kalmala had again made its formal appearance above the sea; but how could it happen?" he asked himself. And so, dismissing the thought, he recast his nets into the sparkling sea.

At sunset he stretched his nets over the jagged rocks with a still greater assurance of his safety. The wind had died and the sea was calm. There was an ever continuous gurgle and bubbling of the waves as they lapped the shore. The tide was rolling in, submerging the sandy white shoals. He lingered a minute and then turned his footsteps towards his hut, which was situated upon the highest point on the island. There he was greeted by Mioli.

Together looking out over the sea, they laughed to think that Hermal should have had such a fantastic idea. Then as the sun was melting into the crest of the sea, they heard a distant rumbling. The earth quivered slightly. A grey haze of smoke was mounting the distant skies. Five minutes passed. There was no longer the incessant rumbling,—only terrifying peals of thunder and violent shaking of the earth. Vision of the sun was being blotted out by clouds as black as ink. They were being shrouded in semi-darkness. Eleven, twelve, thirteen minutes passed. In the distance some fantastical monster was assuming a preposterous shape. Heavier clouds of smoke were belching forth from the sea. The monster was advancing at a terrific rate. With a mighty roar it drew into full view, a huge tidal wave. The noise and quaking increased until it seemed as though the whole earth were cracking up. Another deafening roar



and, crossing the rocks and mounting the beach, it was upon them Seventy feet high it was. Up the hill it came, emerald green with foamy crest. Terrified, the two were clinging together now. The shrieking in the village behind them was blood curdling. Some were on their knees, begging their idols to spare them, others were beating on hollow stumps, a few tried to climb the hill; but all were too late. Up, up the hill it came. In an instant it was towering over them. And then the crest fell.

The noise had been heard across the Indian Ocean. Instruments at Washington, D. C., recorded a wind wave which traveled around the world three times. In nine days the smoke traveled around the globe. New England sunsets were affected by the dust for many months and became the most beautiful ever seen. One cubic mile of rock and earth had been blown up. The island of Jalva was rediscovered, but the race of natives was extinct. Thus the second great prophecy was carried out.

A Winter Day in a Russian City

BY NORMAN ETIENNE VUILLEUMIER

WE are in the beautiful salon of a princess. It is mid-winter. Night will soon be approaching. Through the curtain at the large window I gaze out upon the deserted avenue. The snow is falling and the wind is piling it high in drifts. A policeman passes by, beating his hands to circulate the blood. Across the street a person hurriedly walks into a large stone mansion; a front room is lighted, and the person is home and out of the storm. Farther down the avenue I see a grim, dark building with a dome whitened here and there by the snow. All is quiet. Petrograd is indoors. Once in a great while a *britzska* rushes past the adjacent corner, its horses at galloping speed, and its passenger muffled in furs. It grows dark. Night is here.

The Inn of the Blue Boar

By PHILIP ATHERTON

AS the traveler passes along the highroad from Uxbridge to London, he comes rather unexpectedly upon a drowsy English hamlet, slumbering at the foot of a great hill. Pausing to catch his breath before attempting the long grade, our traveler may observe the musty, rambling old building which, as indicated by a dilapidated signboard without, boasts the name of The Inn of the Blue Boar; and, if he is at all interested, he must realize from its size and from its present rickety condition that it has seen more prosperous times.

What our traveler does not see is the cramped and wizened figure of one Josiah Scrimp, innkeeper, who, at the moment at which this narrative opens, is engaged in careful scrutiny of a London periodical and is favoring us with a most mischievous grin.

No one realized the vacuity of the inn's coffer with more bitterness than did Mr. Scrimp. For weeks he had ransacked every nook and corner of his crafty cranium for a scheme by which he might extricate himself from the bankruptcy which threatened, and now circumstances had provided him with just such a plan, and he was smiling that odd, pinched smile. The lines in the news sheet which occasioned the innkeeper's elation were as follows:

“Lord Byng, who has recently caused much excitement in the social circles of this city by his secret marriage to the wife of the most honorable Sir Blabberface, and who has thus far shown unusual skill in avoiding publicity, will return to London on next Sunday. He has been spending some time at his hunting lodge in Hertford. Lady Byng returned to the city several days ago.”

Now this very Lord Byng had made a practice of spending the night at the Blue Boar when journeying from Hertford to London. Previously he had never appreciably affected either the wealth or the prestige of the inn by his presence, but Josiah Scrimp was quick to see that a visit from his lordship would now be an exceedingly profitable affair. As has been mentioned in the excerpt from the

London paper, he had shown remarkable skill in avoiding publicity, and one may readily surmise that there was not a woman in London who would not have given her last shilling to catch a glimpse of him. Mr. Scrimp, then, must make it generally known that the desired celebrity was to pass the nocturnal hours of Saturday next at none other than the Inn of the Blue Boar.

The innkeeper knew from experience that the quickest method of spreading the news was to tell his wife, for dame Scrimp, although an excellent hand at the beds and in the kitchen, was a woman of most extraordinary volubility. Thus the tidings passed from Mr. Scrimp to his wife, thence to all the gossips of the neighborhood, through them to the Town Crier, and from the Town Crier to the great London dailies.

Wednesday morning brought the London paper with the desired article, and Friday morning saw Josiah Scrimp's desk piled high with reservations. The innkeeper was fully three-fourths of the way through this pile of letters and had paused to rub his hands together and to figure out a system whereby one might lodge one hundred and twenty persons in an inn designed to accommodate fifty at the most when his eye fell upon a blue and gold envelope bearing the coat-of-arms of Lord Byng. Something in the pit of Scrimp's stomach informed him that the message which lurked within that imposing envelope was not of an altogether agreeable nature. With manifold misgivings, therefore, and with nervous fingers he ripped open the cover and read:

“Sir:

I have read the atrocious statement in the London sheet and I have read as well the corresponding communication in the Buckshire Town Crier. Inasmuch as the two are identical, and inasmuch as I know you, sir, and your ways, sir, I need be no mental giant to guess who is responsible for this outrageous error. I shall not stop at your foul establishment Saturday night nor any other night in the future.

LORD B.”

A sickly smirk spread over the wrinkled countenance of Josiah Scrimp. He crumpled the envelope in his fist, dropped it to the floor, and, with a sigh of dismay, turned and stared blankly out of

the window. Gone were his hopes, utterly and cruelly crushed. He worked himself into a most delightful stage of self-pity and determined to read the remaining letters if only to make himself more miserable. He picked the uppermost letter idly from the pile and read as follows:

“GRAYWOOD MANOR,
READING.

My dear Mr. Scrimp:

Keeping in mind the hospitality which you showed me some months ago, I am entrusting to your personal care my good friend Mr. Rollo Bumpy. Please expect him this coming Saturday and look for him on the evening coach. See that he eats well and sleeps soundly and I remain—

Your friend,
ALFRED J. BOBBLE.”

The effect of his epistle on our friend the innkeeper was as stupendous as that of Lord Byng’s communication had been, for he at once conceived the idea of substituting the right honorable Mr. Rollo Bumpy for the decidedly unworthy Lord Byng. To do so was to take an enormous risk, but it was a case of all or nothing, and Mr. Scrimp needed no coaxing to choose the former in preference to the latter.

There ensued a busy day indeed at the Inn of the Blue Boar. The cobwebs were dragged from the windows; clean, or at least semi-clean, sheets were spread upon the beds; the table-ware was rinsed; the floors and furnishings were dusted. In short, nothing was spared to lend the old inn as prosperous an air as possible; and, as a finishing touch, Mr. Scrimp himself scrubbed the sign over the door, thereby revealing not only the words “The Inn of the Blue Boar” but the likeness of a purple boar, much to the amazement of the assembled parish.

Saturday afternoon witnessed a tremendous influx of curious women accompanied by balky husbands. By dusk the beams of the old inn groaned under their load. A steady buzz of gossip pervaded the atmosphere, broken only by an occasional jovial outburst occasioned by an excessive indulgence in the most excellent wine which the innkeeper was serving all the while and from which he was realiz-

ing no petty profit. The assembled multitude were expecting Lord Byng, and there was considerable bustle as the time for the arrival of the evening coach drew near. Mr. Josiah Scrimp was anxiously expecting Mr. Rollo Bumply, growing more concerned with each passing minute, and hoping Mr. Bumply would be more of a success than was his name.

At precisely seven o'clock the coach whirled through the little village, lurched through the gate, and rattled across the old inn yard.

"Hallo!" bawled the coachman.

"Ho! Ho!" echoed the footman and blew his trumpet with a magnificent flourish.

An exceedingly portly gentleman poked his head out the coach window. "Where are we?" he asked bluntly, for he had been snoozing.

"Baw, sir, Bloo Baw!" cried the footman. "Out with you before you're whisked away to Lun'on and find y'self with extray fare to pay!"

Mr. Bumply was by nature a slow thinker, but this threat roused him. He did not wish to go on to London and must therefore disembark. Simple enough!

"Hi there, give me a hand!" Accordingly, aided by much pushing behind and pulling before, Mr. Bumply was pried through the coach door. He crossed the yard with a peculiar rolling motion and slithered into the inn like a huge jellyfish. For a moment he stood blinking his sleepy eyes in the strong light and staring vapidly at the assembled company. Then Scrimp reached him.

"Here you are at last. No need to mention your name here, I guess! Boy! See his lordship up and look sharp for his luggage."

Mr. Bumply rolled across the room and, to the astonishment and admiration of the luggage boy, hoisted himself upstairs and disappeared around a corner. He was glad to reach his room, for, like most fat people, he was sensitive and hated nothing more than being openly and blankly stared at. To him the people in the room below were not ogling a celebrity; they were brazenly staring at him and openly making fun of his infirmity, and he had observed in particular one fellow in a green leather jacket who exercised no restraint whatever but laughed outright. He was determined not to eat dinner with

these ignorant idiots and accordingly ordered his meal in his room. When he had eaten as much as his ridiculous proportions allowed, he found to his dismay that he had no matches for his pipe. He believed he could slip down while the crowd was at dinner, get his matches, and return. Accordingly he walked, as lightly as his bulk would permit, down the stairs.

The ladies of society and their husbands were, as he had predicted, dining, but by the fireplace, with his back to the room, stood the spry-looking fellow in the green leather coat. Quite evidently he was not one of the crowd in the dining room, for Mr. Bumply now perceived that while that august company were garbed in right good fashion, this solitary figure wore clothes which showed considerable wear. Now it dawned upon our corpulent friend that perhaps this fellow had not been laughing at him but at the uncivil deportment of the others and would be glad to tell him just what had occasioned the gathering of so many well dressed and ill bred people. Accordingly, after procuring the desired matches, he approached him and put his question quite civilly; but upon hearing his voice the green coated figure turned, glanced sharply at him, swiveled abruptly toward the fire again, and was shaken by such violent spasms of silent mirth that Mr. Bumply, completely puzzled, retired hastily from the room and went straight to bed.

Mr. Bumply was up by six in the morning, for he was to leave by the morning coach at seven. So well had he slept that he had quite forgotten the singular happenings of the previous night, and it was therefore with somewhat of a start that he found the man in the green coat with the brass buttons already doing ample justice to the steaming breakfast. He looked very much as though he had slept by the fire all night, for his hair was in a tangle and fresh soot was upon one cheek and the corresponding side of the green jacket, but he was, nevertheless, in high spirits.

“Good morning, your lordship.”

“Eh?”

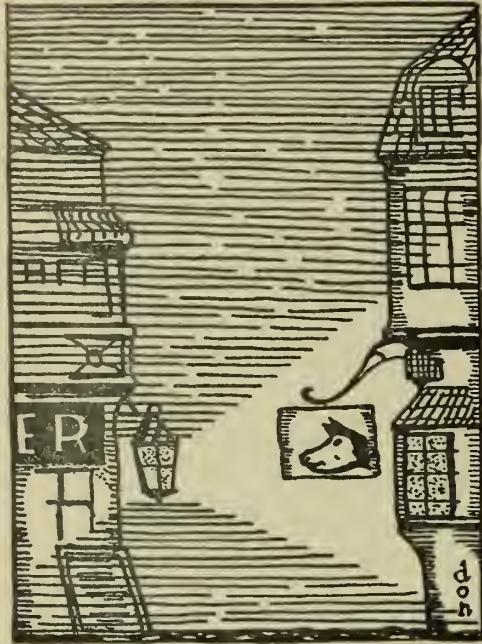
“I said, ‘Good morning, your lordship,’ ” said the spry man and fell to laughing very heartily, for he considered this a capital joke.

“And a fine morning to you, your highness,” returned Mr.

Bumply, who did not catch the point of the joke, but was not to be outdone.

Here the strange man commenced laughing again with such violence that he could eat no more and straightway left the table. When next our friend saw him, he was standing by the inn door waiting

for the coach. The luggage boy was not up yet, and Mr. Bumply had carried his suitcase down himself and set it by the door, when the good innkeeper, spying thereon in bold characters the words, "Rollo U. Bumply, London", gave it a dexterous kick over on its side and glanced apprehensively toward the man in green, who winked several times very broadly and placed in his hand a crumpled blue and gold envelope bearing a crest. Mr. Scrimp looked decidedly alarmed, and it is impossible to tell just what



would have happened had not the coach and several sleepy dames from the upper regions of the old inn arrived simultaneously. The spry man grabbed Mr. Bumply's luggage, threw it and its startled owner into the coach, sprang nimbly up beside the driver, and, with a final nod and a knowing wink to the innkeeper, rode off.

When the assembled ladies had watched the disappearing coach with all due ceremony, one particularly inquisitive widow turned to the innkeeper to ply him with questions. But Mr. Josiah Scrimp paid no attention to her. He was gazing out the window and down the road, rubbing a piece of crumpled blue paper between his palms, and smiling dimly to himself. Then the widow saw him do a most singular thing. He looked up at the fat, purple boar on the sign without and winked at it.

Singing Beach in Winter

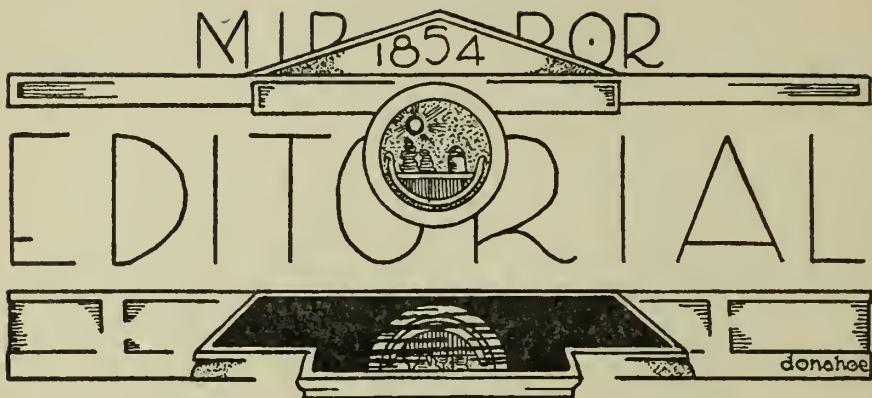
BY DONALD G. ALLEN

I sit at the cold window and peer out into a bewildering white world of whirling, dancing snow. I am tired of sitting here alone and idle. I put on my coat, pull down my woolen cap to cover my ears, and step into the mad fury of the snow. It swirls about me, beats upon me madly, turns me, twists me, and at last carries me with it. A northeast wind whistles a weird monotonous song in the naked branches of the trees. But above all the frantic turmoil of the storm, I hear the dull, regular beat of the waves on the rocky New England shore, and in it feel the awful power of the sea.

I go blindly through the storm, groping along the familiar road which now I hardly recognize. Everything is white. Trees are barren. Through the veil of snow, houses look deserted and cheerless. But now they are left behind, and I am alone on the beach.

Waves pound on the sand. Eddies of snow engulf me. The wind rushes madly by, sweeps to my feet, and tries to carry me off in its tempest. The beach is strewn with sea-weed and wreckage. I watch a floating log now lifted high on the crest of a wave, now dashed to the sand below, crushed in the tumult of the sea. The waves tear at the beach with long talon fingers, mad, inexorable. Swirling back-washes leave deep gulleys in the sand as they sweep by, yellow with sand and spume.

But while they may rend the beach and mould it at their will, the waves dash headlong, desperately upon the rocks. Mad, they sweep in from the sea and throw themselves furiously on the steep, unyielding granite. And there they are shattered, broken like fragile, delicate glass. Spray mounts the rocks and is carried to the top, where it loses itself in the snow. Spume flies all about. Frantic, whirling snow; a wild, sweeping wind; a tumultuous, raging sea; turmoil; chaos....



Although many have done a great deal in helping to bring out this number of **THE MIRROR**, we are not publishing in this issue the names of those on the board because we feel that all interested have not yet had an opportunity to try out for it.

Appointments will be made later by merit of contributions and through the Committee on Publications of the Faculty. Those interested should communicate with Mr. Blackmer.

ALTHOUGH to most students of Phillips Academy at the present time **THE MIRROR** will appear as a new school publication, it is in reality a very old one, whose history began as far back as 1854. Thus, the present **MIRROR**, while created afresh, is in a very real sense the perpetuation of an ancient and honorable tradition of the Academy.

Originally, in fact until 1892, **THE MIRROR** was closely linked with the Philomathean Society and was called **THE PHILO MIRROR**. Its appearance varied from time to time, but its size was about that of the present **BULLETIN**. Some idea of its sentiments and style may be gained from the following gleanings. In the first published issue, July, 1855, the hope is expressed that "—if it be our good fortune to so arrange these (our sentiments here presented) upon an unspotted surface, that they shall stand forth in a clear light and exhibit their real excellence, our end will be attained." Or again, at the close of

a number in 1856 appears the following paragraph. "And now, dear reader, if you have had the patience to peruse THE MIRROR through, we bid you farewell, and thank you for your attention. Another term will quickly speed away, and another MIRROR will be issued, and another, and another, and so on. And now, to one and all, we bid you a long Farewell." In these early numbers, humor was by no means lacking. If such an article as "The Terrors of the Inquisition" failed to end near enough to the bottom of the page, such a joke as the following was inserted. "Why are certain cracker puddings like some subjunctives? Because they have an indefinite general antecedent."

On May 20th, 1875, Philo had its fiftieth anniversary and on this occasion THE MIRROR appeared bound in a handsome brown cover embellished in gold lettering. In this issue there was also to be found a calendar of the year's events, among which were the "Bobbing Excitement" and "The Spelling Match between Abbot Academy and Phillips."

The year 1882 saw quite a change in the appearance of THE PHILO MIRROR. In an editorial the board claims that the magazine, "since taking for itself a new and more tasteful dress, has taken a position among the foremost of school and college publications." Pictures and cartoons were introduced for the first time. By 1892 THE PHILO MIRROR had become so successful that it was decided to separate it from the Philomathean Society and call it THE PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR. This magazine continued to flourish until 1924, when the last number, Volume LXX, No. 8, appeared.

THE MIRROR, however, did not die. In Volume LXXI we shall try to bring back to Andover that which at one time filled such a significant place in school life.

* * * *

CONCLUSION

The aim of the present MIRROR is two-fold: to stimulate the students of Phillips Academy to distinctive achievement in the literary and graphic arts, and to serve as a medium through which such achievement may be made known to those who are interested. Our

purpose is a serious one, for we feel that meritorious accomplishment in the arts and letters is necessary to the complete educational program which the Academy is envisaging. At the same time we realize that many of our efforts will fall short of the goal of "distinctive achievement" and hence do not take ourselves too seriously. We feel that many are those who have literary ability and are not aware of it, and we eagerly welcome material from all sources. Those who have not the time for preparation of special articles can often write for *THE MIRROR* through theme assignments in their English courses. To be successful we must build up an increasingly numerous body of contributors and a sympathetic reading public. We have merely launched this revival and now leave it to you to bring commendably to port.

Suicide

BY ARTHUR TOWNSEND LOUGE

The trees their dusky shadows
stretch along the roadbed. The
cold moonlight sparkles
in the silent leaves. Everything
is hushed, still. The night is crisp.
A step on the roadbed . . . !! Echoes
and reverberations of a shot
shatter the moonlight.
. . . A whisper in the leaves.

* * * * *

The sun peeps over the
awakening mountains, a
warm sun. Steps. The approaching
farmer starts back . . . !! A shout.
Voices . . . sad "He was always moody."
Tears . . . "His wife—what now?" Murmurs.
"I wonder how he feels now."
Curious? Slightly contemptuous.
. . . A whisper in the leaves.

The Good Old Days

By JOHN H. BATTEN

EVER there come back to us fragmentary bits of our pasts, memories of days that, softened by the touch of time, have no rough spots, no gloom, no flaws. The more we sift them over, the brighter and finer they appear; and in moments of depression or sorrow, when the present and the future seem not so good, it cheers us to think of those days, the "Good Old Days".

I know of some that will always be amongst my "Good Old Days"; they were spent in the north, wandering through the valleys, toiling up the mountains, plunging down steep slopes, fording glacial torrents, stumbling through snow, fighting black flies, freezing with the cold, boiling with the heat of midday, hunting, fishing, and just dreaming. My first sheep hunt will always be, as it is now, one of the fondest memories of these days.

Since our arrival at the lower cabin, John and I had seen few sheep. Frightened by the blasting from the first little gold mine in that district, they had done the unusual, migrated from their home range. So it was with decided surprise that we saw, early one morning, four big rams fording the creek about six hundred yards below us and climbing the mountain behind, which was slashed with enormous gorges terminating at their upper extremities in tremendous amphitheatres. Up one of these the sheep climbed. Hastily snatching our rifles and cartridges, we started up that spur of the mountain which formed the right wall of the gorge the sheep had chosen, our object being to head them off as they climbed out of the draw and over the mountain top. Our route, although the most difficult, was the shortest and, in fact, the only practical one because it is useless to follow directly after a big horn.

Above us the peaks piled heap upon heap, rough, rock-strewn peaks, with sides too vertical for comfort. Puffing, hurrying to our utmost ability, on all fours, rifles banging against our backs as we moved, John and I climbed. But the last of the peaks, the one overlooking the pass towards which the sheep were headed, seemed just

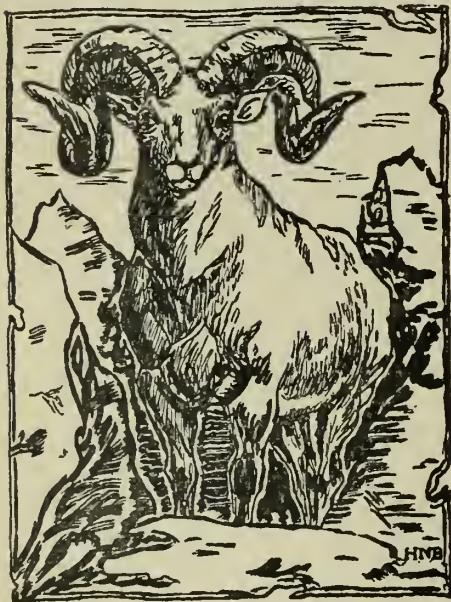
as far away as ever. It was heartbreaking work, for we rarely stopped to rest. Steady climbing, however, at length brought us to the highest peak of the mountain, the peak next to that which guarded the pass across the range to the Watson watershed. After crawling warily to the top, we produced our glasses and scanned the sentinel height to see if our sheep had reached it yet. They hadn't! This meant that we might have arrived before them, in which case we could easily head them off. Never in my life was I more excited, for at the head of the band was the most magnificent ram I had ever, or have ever, seen; and I had drawn first shot!

Since the sheep did not appear to have reached the summit of the pass, having clambered down the slope of the eminence we were on, John and I began to climb the next one, hoping thus to get in a better position for a shot.

Ahead, grim, sterile, precipitous mountains with bare, boulder-strewn, craggy slopes thrust their snow-drifted peaks into a rose-pink sky; ahead a great desert of a glacier glowed under the setting sun; on the right, two thousand feet below, at the bottom of a funnel-like depression in the mountain, gleamed a lake of an indescribable

blue; on the left the tremendous chasm up which our sheep were coming cleft the range, and with its shadowy depths, towering, almost perpendicular walls, and awe-inspiring vastness, reminded me of the mythical Gulf of Tartarus. Beyond and above the gorge, Skeekum mountain, its three perfectly symmetrical, spire-like peaks etched against the late afternoon sky, brooded over everything.

All this I saw, but as if in a daze, for larger than the mountains, the gorges, the gla-



ciers, the natural amphitheatres, loomed, in my imagination, a noble, intelligent-looking white sheep head, surmounted by two tremendous curling horns, hanging over my mantel at home. But alas for my visions! Supported by a strong and very real body, the head of my dreams appeared over the top of the peak which was our goal!

We dropped to the ground and looked. Upon a rock at the very summit the big ram placed his forefeet. From this position he now surveyed the landscape with eyes that missed nothing, that could have seen us had we been a long binocular range away. Grouped in a semicircle behind him, the other three rams gazed fixedly in our direction. And there they stood for fifteen minutes, statuesque, motionless, figures of carven alabaster set against a background of orange-gold. They were out of gunshot. I do not know that I would have shot the big ram even if he had been within range, now that I had seen him thus, for to me he seemed the north personified, wild, free, proud, and beautiful. Be that as it may, the band, distrustful of our presence, plunged over the crest, sped along a shoulder, and clambered hastily up the next mountain, jumping from rock to rock, plowing through drifts, scaling impossible heights, and finally arriving at the top, where they paused to give us a final glance. Then, strung out in single file, the sheep circled the abysmal natural amphitheatre and disappeared from sight just as the sun sank behind Skookum mountain, and the Wheaton range was plunged into shadows.

My first hunt in this region, you might say, ended unsuccessfully for me. But this is not the truth, for long after the details of my first successful sheep hunt are forgotten, I shall still remember this one, such is the impression it has made on me. It is the *chase*, not the killing, that constitutes the joy of hunting; and the picture in my mind of that ram silhouetted against the flush of a late afternoon sunset, alert, watching, proud, and beautiful, will always remind me of the "good old days" I spent in the Yukon.

Fire and Fog

JOHN T. MORGAN

THE fog wrapped around him, twisting and withering in long, pale ropes. It filled the world. To his ears came the lap, swish, and roar of the combers, rolling inland with sickening rushes.

He turned over, whimpering softly as the damp, rough sand met his touch, and putting forth a salt-encrusted hand, shook his companion into wakefulness. Now why wouldn't Jim get up? Oh! well, wasn't it much nicer to keep from freezin' to death than to lie still and sleep? For Jim would be sure to freeze if he stayed there. Wished he had a fire, did he? Well, how was he goin' to get it? By lyin' still? Oh, if Jim wanted to die, he'd not interfere. Uh-uh.

Now what to do? Might as well look around. Wonder if he could find a settlement? A fire wouldn't be half-bad.

Always keeping the sound of the sea at his back, he stumbled on through the thick, murky wall. A slight noise made him start and cower. Only a sea-spider scuttling to his hole! Well, he'd heard tell of people dyin' from a spider's bite. Lord, it was cold!

He found a blackish pool in which there were some shellfish, washed up by a great breaker. The slimy meat slipped down his throat like cold ice. Now for a fire. But hey, wasn't there a fishin' hut 'round here? Old Ira Phinney and Cap'n Crosby kept one. Now where was it? Jim would know.

But Jim was far too cold to know. He was through. However, he probably could find it himself. Better hurry, though. His limbs were beginning to be chilled. That fire would be great.

Hours spent in futile search; hours spent in thinking and dreaming of the warmth; but always the crackling of the logs dissolved into the beat of the surf, and the whistling of the flames into the moan of the wind, sifting through the fog.

He wished,—then—why—there was the hut. At least something was looming out of the unknown, and it couldn't be anything but Ira's place. The fire. Ah! But his hand found only the barnacles that clung to the cliff.

He wished he could lie down. But if he did, he'd likely as not freeze like Jim. Also, Ira's shack was near. No, he'd lie down. Lie down. That was the ticket. Might as well get near Jim.

The beach was cold. Brr! Wish he had a fire. Damn that fog!

* * * * *

Ira Phinney threw another great log on the fire and watched it roar up the chimney. The night had been a wild one, but the wind had died away, and the fog was lifting. He drew on his pea-jacket, sweating under the heat from the fireplace, and went outside for a "look-see", leaving the blaze snapping merrily. Outside, twenty yards from the house, and facing the other way, lay two bodies cold to the touch. Very cold. And inside, inside the great flames laughed up the chimney.

The Two Portraits

JAY STANLEY McLAUGHLIN

IS search was over. At last after many fruitless months he found his Christ. Vincente Raspello was going to paint Jesus, a Jesus that never before had been painted, a Jesus in his youth, when the earth was his to save and a smile lent sparkle to his eyes and love, trust, and faith gave their dowry of peaceful, safe beauty to his countenance. But nowhere in Rome could the artist find a model. The surrounding country offered beautiful faces, innocent faces, but none that revealed the soul of a man who loved another so well that he would give his life for his friend. And now, when the painter had almost given up hope of finding a model, he saw his picture coming toward him—a little more than boy and less than man. He was a youth so young that disappointment did not speak its message of sadness and doubt through the eyes, and yet so old that love had chased childish prejudices from the expression. A glorious, golden youth with the moon curled in his hair, the sea sparkling in his eyes, and a smile that rivaled the sun for brightness! Here was beauty personified.

When the lad reached him, Raspello noted that the nose was

straight and fine, the mouth full and sensitive, the chin cleft and jutting. It seemed as though the eyes had seen nothing but beauty, love, truth, and goodness. Here certainly was a replica of Christ himself. He was only too willing to pose for the artist; it meant the dream world beyond the hills of his childhood with its gay, laughing people and its lovely, happy cities. He told Raspello his name was Petro Giovanni.

Many years had passed, but still the world talked of Raspello's "Christ". Never before had the Saviour been so portrayed. He seemed more human, more loving, and yet more good. The artist planned to do Judas, a Judas that never before had been painted, just before he hanged himself, with every feature telling of his betrayal, a Judas who did not believe his friend would forgive him. But Raspello was unable to find a model. True, he found wicked faces, cruel faces, but they all had something good in them, perhaps love, or unselfishness, or perhaps only hope. At last one day in the most infamous den in Rome, he saw his Judas. A man, a wreck of sin and lust and greed, but yet a man! A man who had committed every sin, fed his every passion, and had nothing to live for but vice! Here was the embodiment of evil. The face was almost handsome, only it showed a man who lived for himself alone. The painter noted that the mouth was hard and sensual, the chin cruel, yet weak. It seemed as though the eyes had seen nothing but selfishness, sin, and hate. He was only too willing to pose for the artist; it meant more silver, more sin. He told Raspello his name was Petro Giovanni.

The Mind of Tom Speedy

By RING W. LARDNER, JR.

“**H**EY, Red.” The cool, clear voice of the young inventor could be heard shouting to his chum. But there was no answer. Again and again the handsome and intelligent youth hailed his comrade, but no response was forthcoming. In disgust our youthful hero spun around on his toe.

“Boo!” said Red Burton, for there he was standing just behind

the young genius and laughing heartily at his little joke. But Tom took it like a man. In a few minutes they had made it up and walked off in boyish fashion with their arms tight around each other and their cheeks rubbing together. United once more, they walked over to the shed where Tom kept his latest invention. Several hundred of the workmen who were eating lunch nodded to them. It was well before their lunch hour, but Tom respected their feelings (some had muscles like an ox) too much to chide them. Pushing their way through the laborers, the two young men entered the shed which held the priceless treasure. Both of them gazed at it for a long time, Red in raptures, Tom with justifiable pride. At first glance one would think it an ordinary motor boat, but on closer inspection several interesting additions such as a cigarette lighter and a vase for flowers could be seen, and the novelty of it became evident. The youths stared in silence for a while and then Red spoke.

"No end of ducky," he murmured appreciatively. "I say, Tom, what are you going to make now that you've got this finished?"

"Don't kid yourself, buddy," responded our hero, who often indulged in the vernacular. "This job won't be over for some time to come. The foreman said this afternoon that there were two or three bolts yet to be tightened, but I'll have a squad of the workmen on it and ought to get it done this week."

Red confessed himself amazed at his companion's interest in details but pursued his original line of inquiry. At last he elicited a response from the inventor.

"I don't want this spread around, Red," began Tom. Suddenly his voice sank to a whisper. "There are a lot of foreign spies around. I think five European, two Asiatic, and several African nations suspect my intention and are out to prevent me by fair means or foul. God help the United States if they succeed." Even as the lad spoke they heard a faint rustle behind them and whirled around just in time to see a large cat circle a corner of the boat. "As I was saying," resumed the undaunted Tom, "it's a matter of life and death. As a matter of fact, Dad and I have determined to further the great projects of Professor Newcombe."

"Pardon my ignorance, but who was Professor Newcombe and what were his projects?"

“Oh, Red, you old ignoramus,” said his chum playfully. “Don’t oo knows as what pweffessor Newcombe’s pwojects wuh, huh, don’t oo?” After they had both laughed heartily over his perfect rendering of dialect, Tom resumed. “Professor Newcombe was a very great man. He tried to defy the laws of gravity and nearly succeeded. Although the idea came to him by accident, it was one of the cleverest of all time. It seems that—” and here the young inventor could not resist a burst of humor, “—that there were two Irishmen named—.” After a moment or two of mirth he went on seriously. “It seems that Professor Newcombe had always thought how nice and how valuable it would be if when you were falling through space, you could reverse yourself and go upwards. Engrossed in this idea, he walked off a cliff while a balloon ascension was taking place. Landing on the balloon in mid-air, he was borne upwards. When he had finished thinking what a narrow escape he had had, he suddenly thought that here was the solution to his problem. The next day he tried again but forgot to arrange for the balloon to be there. His son, however, carried on his work and at great expense perfected what is called the “Newcombe theory”. After a good deal of practice he was able to judge whether he would land on his feet or uncomfortably. But there was one impractical phase to the idea. It could only be carried on in one place. For suitable cliffs and balloons are not always available elsewhere. It is this fault that Dad and I are out to correct.”

“But, how will you do it?” asked Red evidently excited.

“I won’t tell you,” returned Tom, piqued by his chum’s curiosity.

Being of a somewhat sensitive nature, Ned began to cry softly. Tom, who had not meant to hurt the lad so but only to teach him a lesson, wiped away his friend’s tears and consented to divulge his secret.

“We’ve got a swell portable cliff with a balloon attachment all planned out. Here’s a model of it.” So saying, he drew out of his pocket the queerest little thing imaginable. It looked like nothing at all to Red, but with his natural tact he did not mention this feeling. Tom continued with the same pride he showed in *Tom Speedy and His Convertible Cow*. “See how it fits into one’s pocket,” he said as he folded up his precious treasure and replaced it in his pocket.

“But,” said his chum, “the model fits in your pocket, but the actual thing will be too big.”

“My God!” cried our hero. “I never thought of that.” In despair he committed suicide but later thought better of it.

Soames Buys a Picture

(A Forsyte Interlude)

BY HENRY EHRLICH II

SOAMES was relieved. So the strike was over at last! Well, that would teach them—the poor devils. He turned to Fleur. “My dear,” he said, “this strike was probably the worst we’ve had since the riots in ’48 that your great uncle Swithin used to tell about. Say, slow up, Riggs. We’ll let Mrs. Mont off at—”

“Right here please, ducky.”

“Stop by the column, Riggs. Goodbye, dear.”

“Thanks, Dad, I love your car. Oh, and don’t forget—Michael and I expect you for dinner. Bye-bye, dear.”

“Jobson’s now, Riggs.” Homely thing, that monument. Why had they stuck that fellow way up here? To get him away from his creditors, Soames had heard, but that was nonsense. A man like Nelson doesn’t have any creditors. Wonder what became of that chap Elderson—sort of hard luck, a good man like that having his whole life spoiled because he owed money. Believe he went to America.

Hello, there’s Winifred. “Riggs, let me off here, and meet me at Jobson’s at one.”

“Hello, Winifred. Where are you going?”

“Oh, Soames, dear, I was just going down to your office; I want to look at my will.”

“I’m going up to the sale of French paintings at Jobson’s, but I can have it for you this afternoon. Do you want to come along with me?” Soames knew that his sister did not understand the “value” of art and, therefore, would not go with him, but he was anxious to get up there himself.

“No,” replied Winifred, “I have so much shopping to do. Meet me for lunch at one.”

“At the Connoisseur’s? This is ladies’ day there.”

"Oh, not that horrid place! I'd like to go to Ciro's—if you don't mind. It's so 'chic'."

"All right," grunted Soames. How he hated those new fangled restaurants. "So 'chic,'" Winifred had said. Bah—so expensive. You couldn't get a meal there for under a pound. So his club was "horrid". Soames could remember when his sister would have gone quite out of her way to dine at his club on ladies' day. Winifred was so light-headed. But she had so many troubles. So did he for that matter. His mind drifted back to Irene. Annette was a poor substitute, he thought. But then, Annette had given him Fleur. Somehow Irene seemed to haunt his mind; he could not drive her out. He seemed to see her in front of him. Then he saw that it was only an old hag begging for charity. He seemed to see that fellow Bosinney, who had been the cause of Irene's infidelity. Soames almost felt glad that that fellow had been run over. Rather served him right for trying to take what belonged to somebody else. Just then he stumbled over something and fell. Somebody helped him up. "Thanks," he murmured and looked around. To his surprise he found that he was three blocks beyond Jobson's. "Damned sentiment," he mumbled to himself and hurried back to his destination.

As he had expected, Soames found the auction rooms crowded. On the block in the front of the hall was a Courbet. "Rather poor," he thought. The bidders, however, did not seem to think so, for the price was rapidly rising. Soames had a Courbet which he had considered selling; perhaps it would be worth keeping after all. The picture went for four hundred pounds. Soames smiled. He had paid two fifty for his. Next were sold some pictures by artists Soames had never heard of.

The sale was rather dull, and Soames was about to go when he heard a Fragonard announced. Looking into the catalogue, he found this one listed as "Fete Galante". Not so bad. He had a Fragonard in his own gallery, but he thought Fleur might like this one. The picture was of a girl in a swing with a man swinging her. A favorite subject of Fragonard, Soames believed. In the foreground a lady was reading to another man, who was interested in the swinger,

under whom he lay, rather than in what his friend was reading him. "Somewhat suggestive," thought Soames. To the left, next to a lion fountain, stood two lovers. In the background were trees—velvet green trees, separating to throw light on the swinger. The picture might have been done by Boucher rather than by his pupil if it had not been so daring. Soames thought that the picture was very much like "The Swing" in the British Museum. The color was good, and the lines were free and graceful. A good example of the rococo period. Soames saw a resemblance between this and de Maupassant—he had only read de Maupassant of late, and then only to please Annette. It was delicate and beautiful—yet it left a none too pleasant taste in one's mouth.

The bidding began. A lady in the back of the hall bid one hundred and fifty pounds. The man next to Soames—a Spaniard, no doubt—raised the bid to two-fifty. Soames ventured three hundred. The Spaniard raised it to four hundred.

By this time Soames and the Spaniard were the only two bidding.

Was this fellow crazy? Soames had bought his Fragonard five years ago for two hundred and fifty, and that was extravagant. The picture would certainly increase in value—"Five hundred".

"Five-fifty," cried the Spaniard.

Soames grew pale—such impudence. Should he let the picture go? Something revolted in him as he thought of giving in to that greasy Spaniard.

"Going—"

Soames's face twitched; his head spun. "Damn!"

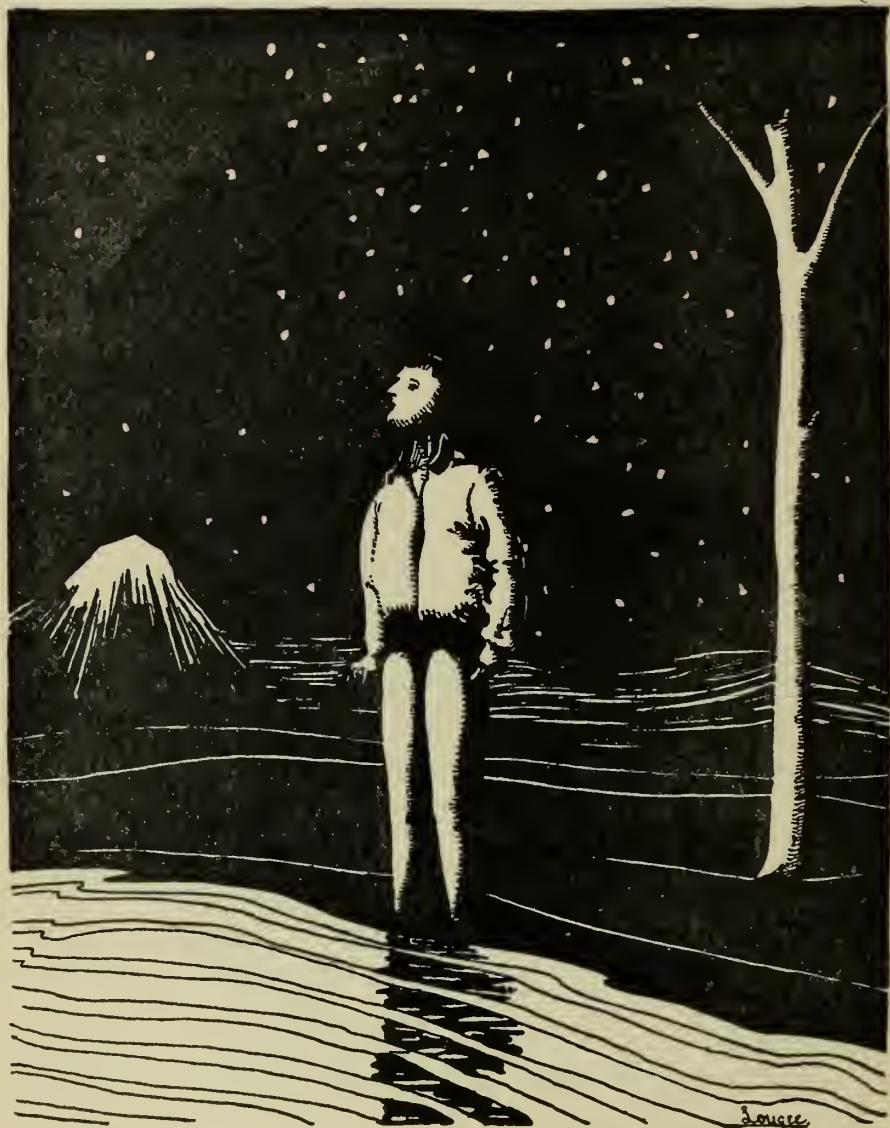
"Going—"

Soames sat up straight—every nerve tense. A wave of heat swept over him. He had never been like this before.

"Go—"

"Six hundred," he shouted—then gasped for breath.

There was silence. Then a gentleman walked up and took his name and address. Mechanically Soames made out his check and still somewhat dizzy walked out.



MEDITATION

Main Street

BY LEE HOWARD

MULBERRY Lane's solitary claim to fame and recognition is the fact that it merges at one point, a trifle dirty and muddy perhaps, with the lower section of clamoring Sixth Avenue. If it were not for this geographical reality, Mulberry, like many of its sister lanes, would be quite unknown to the general public. For the street is a blind alley, and since its occupants are too poor to own cars themselves, and since there is no crosstown traffic, the only automobiles that ever stray in, come at night and stray out again disconsolately after a certain amount of honking of horns and flickering of headlights.

To the east the Bowery sticks its ragged head in a long, crooked procession of little streets, big avenues, and Mulberry Lanes. Further on, the arm of Brooklyn Bridge stretches out over the much traversed, none too pleasant East River. Behind lie Mott and Doyle Streets with their swirling Chinese citizens.

But back to Mulberry Lane; as undistinguished as its surroundings and equally dull and grey, it appears erroneously to the casual observer as colorless. For to find its true brilliance, one must go further than the single slab slate sidewalk which solemnly wends its way up one side and down the other with several interruptions through which the bare ground peeps inquisitively. On the corner, exposing half of its face to Sixth Avenue and keeping the other half for the exclusive view of Mulberry residents obstinately sits Bill's Quick Lunch. In the window a black and white cat curls perpetually, and above it fly the tattered remains of that curious curtain which bears unmistakable signs of having once been red. Next door is Charlie's, one of that great chain of Charlie Laundries, each of which, strangely enough, appears to be owned by a different Charlie. Opposite, amid a goodly odor of drying laundry and cheap cooking, are the tenement houses—brownstone, brownstone, and more brownstone.

If the sun is beginning to hide behind the imposing reaches of one of the skyscrapers further downtown, and the clock on the old

Jefferson Market tower points to six, you'll hear a sharp, shrill feminine call,—that's Mrs. O'Leary calling to Mrs. O'Brien to find out if the baby is any better or if Mr. O'Brien's found a job yet or if young Tom has gotten into any more scrapes, or perhaps to give a bit of news about her own family, numerous enough, to be sure. Somehow, Mrs. O'Leary always chooses just this time of day for her chat, and her fellow gossip always has her head out the window in readiness for it. Thus, but one shout suffices to bring instant response, and while the nervous city hustles and rumbles and works and goes home behind, around, and about them, the two Irish ladies talk. Perhaps this is the auspicious time, because supper, now thoroughly cooked, is being kept warm on the fire, and the men have not yet returned to partake of the meal. In any event, this discussion is as inevitable each evening as the steady clattering every five minutes of the noisy "elevated" over on the avenue. Surer even, for sometimes a train gets out of order, and then there is a delay, but the talking apparatus of the O'Learys and the O'Briens are never out of order and delays are decidedly infrequent.

Leaving conversation on the corner in full swing, continue two doors west, and you come to that amazingly versatile chamber of wisdom known as "The Greek's". The number of presidents elected there, impeached, or re-elected would be quite sufficient to supply the country with leaders far beyond that era when every family shall own an aeroplane. Saturday evening is the big night of the week at "The Greek's", and anytime after nine o'clock you are very lucky if you are able to push your way into the tiny ill-lit interior and find space enough into which to crowd. The guiding spirit of this unusual house of debate is a small man with a prominent nose, jet black eyes, pitch black hair, a large chin, big head, big hands, short stocky legs, and a little body. To look at him you would say that he appeared belligerent and outspoken in the extreme, and yet the description hardly fits the person. For his greatest possession, one that keeps his belligerency in check and his outspoken nature silent, is his cleverness and intelligence. Many wonder why the Greek does not improve his position in life, since unquestionably the abilities necessary for doing so are not lacking. Only the stolid man himself could explain, and he never has. Perhaps some grievous disappointment,

some unfortunate calamity, is the cause of his inertia. Nevertheless, life on the lane does now and always will center about the tiny lodging which he chooses to call his home.

A short distance above "The Greek's", Mulberry bends inconsistently, straightens out again, continues round in a rather wide circle, and then slouches back to Sixth Avenue. Just at the circle, planting itself very solidly in order to prevent any misled vehicles from attempting to go straight through, is the broad front of the last of the "stables". At present, with its multicolored sign and brightly burnished lantern, "The Stable" serves as a Tea Shop, and its neatly dressed waitresses, positively resplendent in their black and white costumes, are in marked contrast with the rest of Mulberry. Fifty years ago, the stable and the land behind it were part of the splendid Astor estate, but with the family the horses moved to Long Island. Since the present inhabitants of that section of New York are decidedly not a "horsey" crowd, the stables as such have ceased to exist and have, with the exception of this one, been replaced by buildings a trifle more serviceable. Still "The Stable" does serve a purpose. First, it is an excellent means of making money for an ambitious society woman who, tiring of bridge, the opera, musical comedy, and Europe, found that she had more time on her hands than she could possibly use, and so turned to experimentation with shops of all sorts, in the end settling upon a Tea Shop as her final venture. Also, it acts as a link between Mulberry and the more fashionable reaches of Park Avenue; and dwellers in the latter district somehow imagine that they are slumming frightfully when they find themselves, on a gusty, wintry afternoon, within the confines of "The Stable".

Not far from the spot which the Tea Shop occupies exists the one really lonely, truly sad, and altogether unhappy residence of the crowded lane. In it abides a tiny, meek, little lady known to her fellow boarders as Mrs. Saunders. With head bent and shoulders a trifle stooped, with her silver crown topping a worn, worried, wrinkled little face that seems held together by the piercing kindness of a pair of squirrel-grey eyes, she is a pathetically human figure. People say that before the war she had been moderately well off but that in that fearful struggle she had lost her two sons and with them her home. Still, all that is but hearsay, and one can never be certain

of it. Certain it is, though, that even now she is very close to heaven and that the unequal contest which she has so resolutely waged is nearing its conclusion.

The street is, at all hours, overflowing with vociferous, pugnacious youngsters, playing, shouting, shrieking to the world that Mulberry has a voice strong and powerful, even if futile when pitched against that of the engulfing city. Thus lives the Lane, very unimaginative, totally unsophisticated, and altogether unaware of the fact that it is as Broadway, Park, or Fifth Avenue can never hope to be—"the Main Street of New York".

Applied Cravatology

BY JOHN T. MORGAN

ANOTHER character-reading science, much more certain than palmistry, handwriting, horoscopes, and such, is cravatology, or the science of reading character from the tie. All the other fortune-telling or character-reading methods offer so many opportunities for evasion that cravatology really comes as the dawn of a new and surer science.

There are a few elementary classifications already established, but the science is frankly in an early stage and must be further developed by serious students who are willing to sacrifice as experimental specimens the men they love best. Roughly speaking, there are a few broad classes now known, which practically always run true to type.

First, there is the man who wears soberly colored ties of delicate patterns; he is usually affectionate, refined, sincere, and easy to handle. An interesting variation of this type is the man who occasionally goes from pastel ties to the black bat-wings, biege, and gray. Such a man is apt to be forceful and quick in his decisions, frequently interesting, and bordering on the impetuous.

The second is an easy and uncomplicated type, the blue-eyed man who habitually appears in blue ties. Increditable as it may seem,

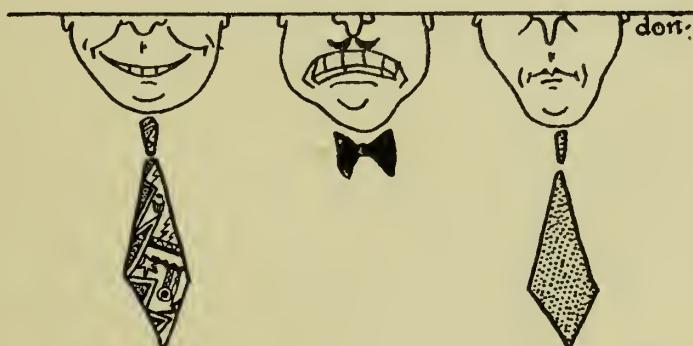
one can never make a mistake in telling this type how blue his eyes look with that blue tie. This man is unsuspicious, trusting, naïve, credulous (though often clever), and will usually best succeed at some open-air work, such as selling bonds.

One of the most widely diversified types and one which requires some experience to judge with absolute accuracy is that which appears in bright-colored ties; red, green, or blue ties, spotted ties, ties marked with hysterical diagonal and modernistic lines, triangles, or stars. In its least emphatic aspect, this may mean only a college boy, fond of light, easy jokes without too much subtlety, merry-go-rounds, and shoot-the-shoots; one who is prouder of having been drunk than of drinking.

In its most sinister aspect, this type of cravat may denote a man given to joining fraternal orders, singing in his tub, and like monstrosities. Such a man will also be fond of correcting his partner's bridge leads, of Edgar Guest, and of spinach.

The man who always sticks to small black ties may be either a dangerous villain or an ascetic. He goes to either one extreme or to the other. In both cases he is nobody to pick for a ride through Central Park at dusk, for instance. This is only one of the many examples of the practical use of the new method of character reading.

When one considers how long the world has been going on, and how brief a time in comparison men have been wearing cravats, the amount of data already discovered is most encouraging as a definite and sure foundation for the further advance of Applied Cravatology.



The Disarmament Question

By MAX F. MILLIKAN

“NAVAL PARLEY UNSUCCESSFUL—ANGLO-AMERICAN CONFERENCE FRUITLESS—REPRESENTATIVES NOT DISCOURAGED, HOWEVER.” This is the cheerful little announcement which periodically glares at us in bold black type as we sip our morning coffee and munch our bit of toast. We have grown so used to this familiar arrangement of letters that if it failed to put in its appearance during one of its scheduled seasons, many of us would be prone to criticize our favorite journal for a lack of alertness in keeping up with the news. If we happened, by any chance, to be negligent enough to let this community obligation slip by unawares, it would be because we believed that the paper had refused this material on the ground that it was far too bromidic. Just how long this custom of holding futile naval parleys, seemingly merely to give the newspapers material, has been going on is a debatable matter. Probably it had its origin in an inter-tribal pow-wow back in the neolithic age, immediately following which the tribes broke into uncontrolled slaughter, hacking down the comrades they had just patted on the back. Whether or not our grandchildren and great-grandchildren will in time to come be memorizing these headlines in kindergarten is also a matter for speculation. The probabilities are that this tradition will be handed down from president to president and from editor to editor through the ages until someone writes a comprehensive account of the adventures of all the naval-parley diplomats of history, and the volume takes its place beside *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*.

But come, let’s to the point. In the first place, it always helps to know just what the argument is all about. John Bull glances apprehensively across the Atlantic and mutters, “Those shipyards are awfully busy; and I’m not so keen about all those red-white-and-blue funnels popping up over there. I’ll have to speak to Sam about this.”

Uncle Sam turns his eagle eye eastward and ponders, "That lion is feeding her cubs a good deal of raw meat. I wonder if it's safe. Perhaps I'd better suggest a reduced diet to John." So, donning masks of diplomatic good-will and ostensibly nourishing ideals of world peace, they prance off to Geneva to see how far each can get the other to go without sacrificing too much himself. With such motives dominating their discussions, it is a simple matter for each to think of excellent reasons why the other should take just a few more links out of his armour.

"Come," says Sam, "my enormous foreign interests must be protected; the laws of my country necessitate a strong coast force; there are hundreds of reasons why I cannot cut down; but you—."

"Hold on a minute," interrupts John, "what about my widespread possessions? And don't forget that I'm on an island. I can't protect myself with rowboats."

Let us see just what this desire for a big navy has behind it other than pseudo-patriotism. What are the *peace-time* purposes of a large sea force? If we may judge by what we hear of the navy's activities in the papers, one of its largest duties is the carrying of important people from place to place. We must have a navy to taxi our Lindberghs about and to bring them home to the fold when they wander astray. We must have a navy to take our President out calling when he feels inclined to visit his southern neighbors and impress them with the power of our mighty democracy. Granting that these are worthy causes, a point conceded reluctantly, we need for this purpose one fast transport ship, unarmed.

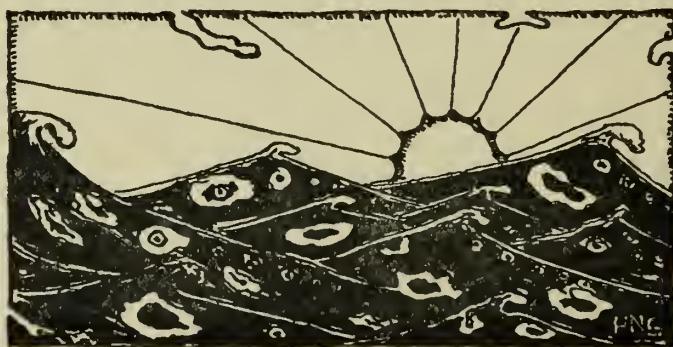
Secondly, we must have a navy to give sham battles for Pathé News cameramen and to fill up space and time at tercentenary expositions. The former could be done just as effectively and at tremendously reduced expense in miniature in a bathtub on the lot. The latter does not entail the use of warships.

Thirdly, anti-limitationists argue, we must have a navy to protect our interests in foreign countries. This appears to me to hold less water than the bath-tub. It is not the duty of the United States to act as the guardian angel to individual citizens and

their property, wherever they may be. The government does not reimburse losers in the home stock market; why should it attempt to protect those who speculate on unstable foreign conditions? Do we see Chinese junks making their way up the Mississippi to protect their hand laundries from Chicago gangsters? Even conceding three or four battleships for this purpose, we have but four battleships and a transport, a sea force a wee bit smaller than our present one.

The need for a Coast Guard service is a real one, but the Coast Guard's needs are confined to small cutters, which cause a very small fraction of the annual drain on the treasury.

Some measure certainly ought to be taken. The taxpayers today are paying (if they haven't been ruined by the crash in Wall Street) for tons of fuel to send cruisers for joy rides about the seas; they are paying for new ships to keep coaling stations busy; they are paying for millions of dollars worth of ammunition and equipment to train a mass of young men to a profession which can lead them nowhere. How can this problem be solved? Unfortunately, the world has not yet become so pacific that the United States could cut down her navy perceptibly without any agreement with foreign powers. But if the world powers go at the matter with unprejudiced minds determined to accomplish something, our descendants may be saved some dry reading on naval parleys.



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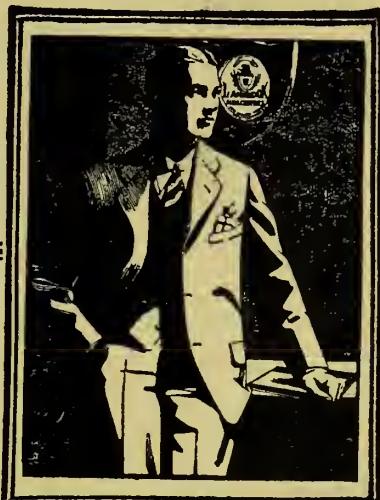
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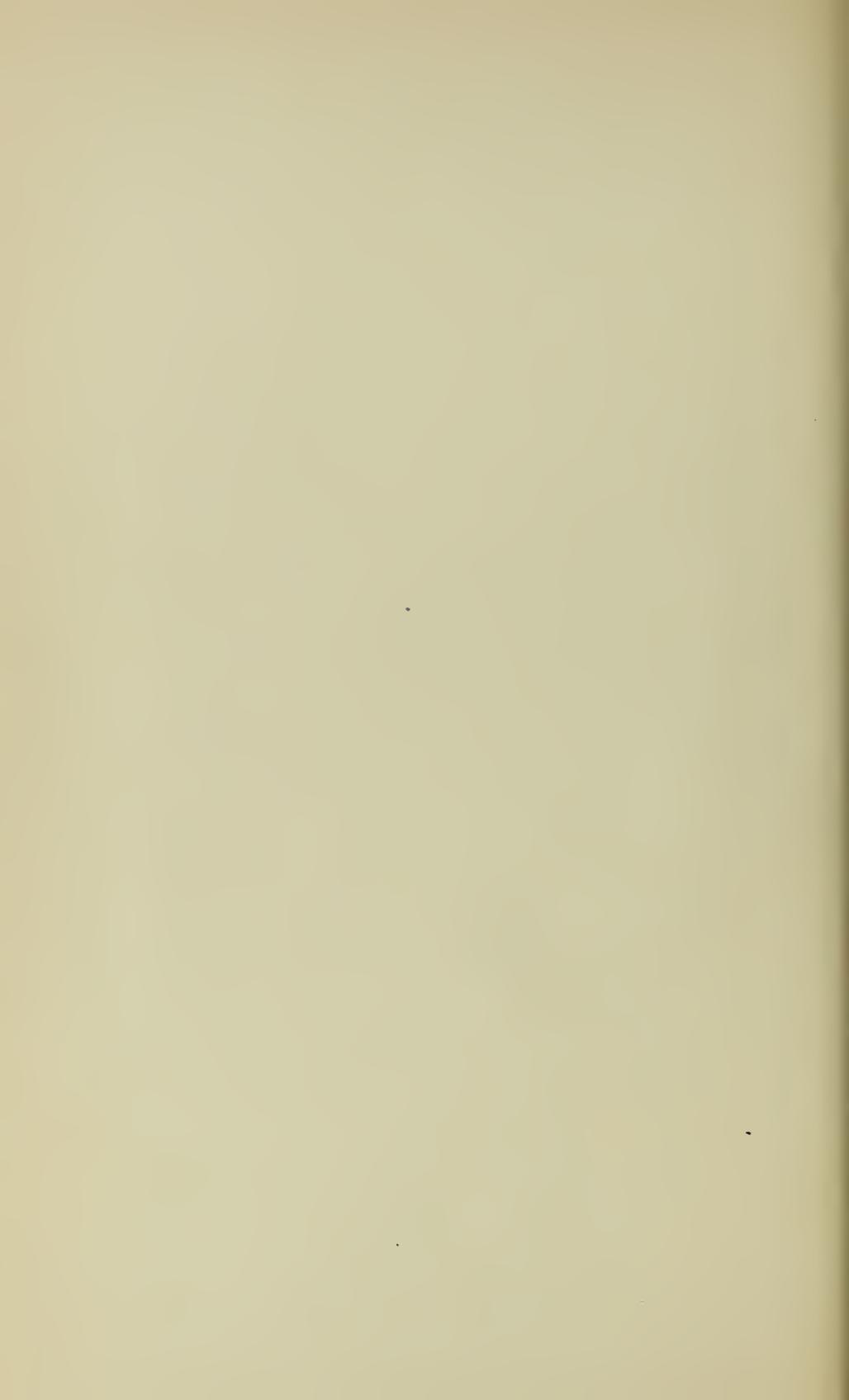


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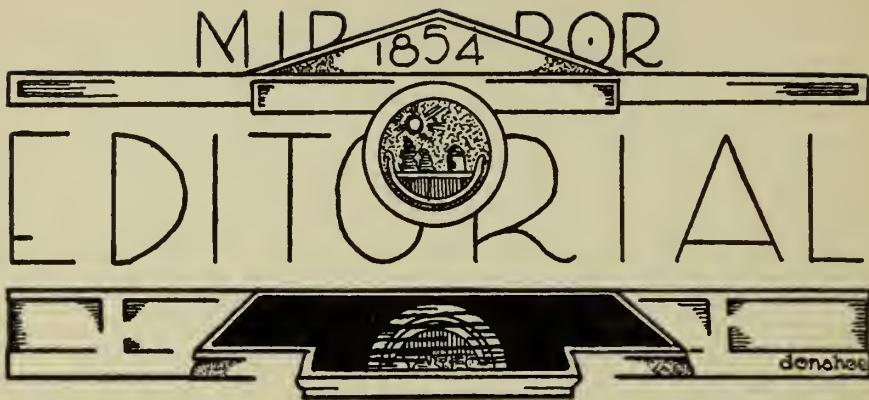




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KING HOWARD

In this, the second issue of the renewed *Mirror*, the board extends its sincere appreciation and thanks to all those who have so generously subscribed to this magazine and also to those who have contributed material for publication. The board desires that the enthusiasm already aroused by *The Mirror* will remain and that even more individuals among the student body will voluntarily send in material to be published.

Much well meant criticism has been received, for which the board is grateful, and it is hoped that instances where effort has been made to follow out this criticism will be noted. Special attention is called to the new humorous department, *Whips and Wheels*, which the board hopes will be as well received as the rest of the magazine has been.

Jerry—Good Samaritan

BY LEE HOWARD

DAYBREAK was near. "What a night this has been," commented Jerry, as he turned east on Fifty-seventh Street and headed downtown. Block after block rushed by.

"Some bus," thought Jerry, "good old taxi. A few more nights like this last one and nothing will be left of her, though." He gazed nervously at the little round hole in the windshield and then glanced apprehensively into the rear of the car. "Why hadn't the cop paged someone else to chase those alley rats? What rotten luck! Oh, well, ten bucks for a new glass, he'd get one next day, and then forget about the whole affair. However, he had better be a little cautious for a while. It didn't pay to get in wrong with the gangs."

He glanced at his Ingersoll—three-thirty. "Where could that bird O'Hara be? He'd scour the Bowery once more and then if there were still no signs of him he'd start for Headquarters." Still going South, he sped through Chambers Street, rather too close to the Chink's place for comfort; so he turned about and pointed uptown once more. Overhead the Eighth Avenue "el" rumbled onward; some large trucks passed him, going in the opposite direction. At Park Place he slowed down at the curb and finally came to a full stop.

Officer O'Hara was standing on the sidewalk next to the Police telephone, had in fact just turned in his report on that instrument with the curt words, "Hello, Dancy, this is O'Hara, Eighth and Park. Yes, everything is all right."

"Hi, Jerry," was the laconic greeting, and "Hello, Bill," came the return.

"Up kinda late, aren't ya, Jerry?"

"Yes, I'm going to turn in right away."—Jerry paused and gulped. "I've been tearin' about searchin' for you the past hour or so. Had a bit of trouble findin' you, wasn't quite sure as to the whereabouts of your new beat."

“Been looking for me?” demanded O’Hara. “What for?”

“Well,” Jerry grew more confidential, “I’ve got a lot to tell you. Where can we talk?”

“Right here’s well as any place, I guess. Say, what are you driving at?”

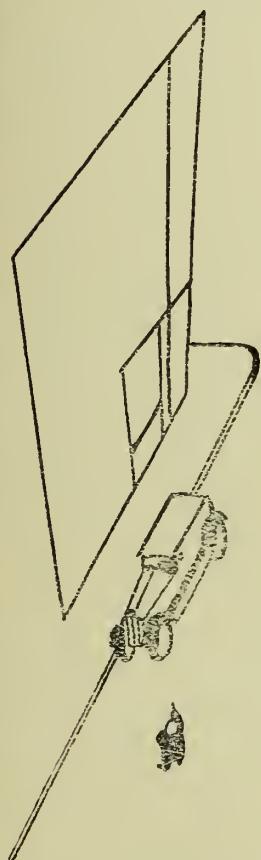
“Just this.” The taximan was obviously anxious and disturbed. “Tonight around eleven-thirty I pick up a party I don’t like the looks of. Well, they want to go on a hell of a long trip. Get on up at Riverside Drive near Grant’s Tomb and give the address as Fordham. There is quite a bit of traffic but we make good time considerin’. They ask for speed and I give it to ‘em plenty. Well, we get to Fordham and I let ‘em off right at the top of the hill where the trolley tracks cross. Now I feel that they are headin’ for some place that they don’t want me to know about, but I don’t say anythin’; just accept their fare, squint carelessly into their faces (there are two of them), and get ready to turn around and head back for the big city, when one of the bozos, a dark, squat guy, yells to me to come back in a couple of hours to get them. Now, although I say I will, I make up my mind then and there that I’m not comin’.

“It’s about twelve-thirty by the time I reach Columbus Circle; so I decide to cruise over to Grand Central to pick up anyone who’s missed the last train for Westchester; that’s always a good fare. Well, I steer up to that Liggett’s Drug Store on the corner, shut off the engine, and get out. I stand beside the cab for a while, gazin’ up and down but not sightin’ any customers. Then when I’m just about to climb back into the buggy and shove off, a cop comes up behind, taps me on the shoulder, and says—‘Come on, Bo, we’ve got a quick trip to make. Jump in and give her all the gas you’ve got.’

“Now I never argue with a cop; so in we both get, and I step on the old pedal good and hard. ‘Uptown,’ he says; so up we go. For a long while we sit there sort of tight-lipped, neither of us doin’ any talkin’. Then suddenly he begins to speak. Says we’re headin’ for Fordham; that Headquarters has got wind of a clever little nest of dope venders hidden there and is plannin’ to wipe ‘em out. He goes

on to say that he doesn't intend to do any of the cleanup work himself; that that will be taken care of later with a big squad on hand to help out. No, he's just supposed to loiter around and pick up information. Well, immediately I begin to think of the pair I had taken up earlier in the evenin', and although there's no reason to connect them with what I've just heard, I can't help doing it, and so I begin to get real worried.

"We reach Fordham; he directs me around a little side street,



and we stop. He jumps out; says the place is a couple of blocks away, that he'll be startin' back to town in a little while, and for me to wait for him here. Now everything would have been O.K. if I'd only done just that, but instead, after he'd been gone a bit, I decide I want a smoke. I reach in my pocket and discover I haven't any cigarettes. Well, I know a place to get them not far from there; so I start the old bus again and we creak around the block. Now just as I come up to the curb, two things happen simultaneously. First my officer friend crosses the street, behind my taxi, and walks right past the door. Just as he goes by, the dark squatly fellow appears in the entranceway of a house, just three doors down. Well, he sees me and the cop, knows I'm much too early to be callin' for him, and jumps to his own conclusions, at the same time leapin' back into the house and shuttin' the door behind him. As for the copper, he didn't know I was there—I'm sure of that—and I don't believe he saw the other man. So I think, 'Shall I warn him or not?' And then I decide, since it's no quarrel of mine, and I'm in deep enough already, I'll let him take his own chances. So I climb out the other side of the

cab, cross the street, enter the shop, and order the butts. The store-keeper has to delay a moment, looking for 'em. Not findin' any on the counter, he turns and goes downstairs to get a new carton. Well, just then I hear two shots. They sound short and nasty like. I rush outside and across the street. There's someone in the taxi. He's in the front seat, the driver's seat, as a matter of fact. I glance about. I quite still. I can't tell whether they've done for him or not, and I don't wait to find out. Next I tend to the fellow in the car. I can tell in an instant he's only a kid, no more'n twenty years old. Blood's tricklin' down his face over his eyes. He's got a mean hole in his forehead. I shake him. He doesn't move. He's dead. I notice that there's a little round hole in the wind shield. They'd fired from in front. Poor devil!

"I begin to get scared. My hands are clammy. Sweat is rollin' down my forehead. I think to myself, 'What a damn fool kid to pick this particular night to steal a car,' and then, 'God help me if those dope guys come back and discover they shot the wrong man. Not much chance of their returnin' tonight, though.' I scramble into the taxi, start her up, and beat it. I can see a crowd is beginnin' to gather. I think I'm lucky to get out so quick. I'm afraid someone will chase me or yell at me to come back. I speed as fast as possible, zip over to Riverside, then down here and start to look for you."

Officer O'Hara seemed dazed.

"Where's the kid?"

"In the back of the bus on the floor."

O'Hara whistled and picked up his 'phone again.

"Hello, Dancy," he called into the receiver. "Say, everything's not all right."

Domestic Interlude

BY GRAHAM PECK

(A pleasant glimpse of American Home-life, as the Realists insist on seeing it.)

MINNIE FROUSE was washing dishes in the dark and smelly kitchen. She dipped her hands again and again into the greasy, luke-warm water and shuddered every time a formless particle of food slithered between her fingers. She hated to wash dishes, especially those with egg dried onto them. The stringy scrapings kept getting under her fingernails. This annoyed her intensely.

The kitchen door opened and a man entered. His name was Homer Grouse. His hair was not combed and there were grease spots on his vest. He had come for the garbage every day for fifteen years. He had always had untidy hair and grease spots on his vest. Every time she saw Homer a great passion welled up behind Minnie Frouse's protrudent teeth. She did not know whether it was love or hate.

“Shut the door,” she said dully.

But the rain had already blown in and made a large dark spot on the cheap, green carpet. Minnie Frouse knew that the wet spot would smell badly for days.

The baby began to cry again in a shrill, wheezy voice. It was not Ella's baby, but Aunt Josephine's. Aunt Josephine had strangled herself with a dirty cotton stocking when her husband went to Cincinnati with a girl from the Burlesque. Now, Ella kept the baby. Vaguely, she realized that the crying annoyed her, so she kicked the child in the face. The crying stopped.

“Homer,” she said.

Homer did not hear her. He had cut off his head and crammed it up the stove-pipe.

Minnie stared fascinatedly at the gravy spots on his vest. She saw that they formed a design, but she did not know what design it was. Nor did she care. She turned and scratched viciously at a dirty plate. A great hate gradually filled her soul for all people who leave dried egg on their plates.

The Soul of Wit

BY CHARLES UNDERHILL

ACT I, SCENE 1

(A street corner at midday. Every shadow is as short as possible, a fact which is explained by the position of the sun at this time of day. Two men meet. Otto Smythe Worthingdon, one of that thin, robust type of gentleman we are accustomed to call wiry, is consciously adjusting a large rose in his lapel with one of his fastidiously manicured hands, while with the other he is engaged in the sniffing of snuff—quite as consciously, and, if we may be allowed to add a little phrase, quite as conscientiously. The other of the two, Robert O. Linck, familiarly known as bob-o-link or whip-poor-will, is short, rather chubby than corpulent, and more than satisfactorily negligé in his habit and bearing. As they meet, the chimes of a neighboring church have just finished counting out the twelve strokes indicative of noon.)

Linck—Good morning, sir.

Worth—Good afternoon, sir.

(Curtain)

NOTES ACT I, SCENE 1

ON the casual reader the probing psychology of this scene would be utterly wasted. In reality, it is the very essence of pathos, and undoubtedly it is this quality which caused the famous German critic, Herr Schilling, to remark after reading it: "This is the most pathetic scene I've ever read!" It is what we call in technical language pathetic relief. (If the curtain which falls at the close of this scene were embellished with the picture of a maiden aunt attempting to rescue her sister from the fangs of a woman-eating shark encountered at a bathing beach in Hulululu, this predominant characteristic would be nicely rendered.) The purpose of the first scene in any respectable drama is to acquaint the audience, or, in the case of the printed drama, the reader, with the situation and at least some of the important characters. If it fails to do this neatly and compactly, it "falls flat", to use a bit of vulgar cant coined,

we believe after extended investigations, from the arch preserver industry. The student will notice how adroitly the author fulfills these requirements in his limited space. Which scene of Macbeth does this bring to your mind? The witch scene, beyond the weest vestige of hesitancy. Just as Velasquez, Philip's court painter, captured a character with the sweeps of his mighty brush, so the author of this play with a few vertical and horizontal strokes of his pen has given us the refreshingly original portraits of Otto Smythe (pronounce *Sm* as is *Smyrna*, *my* as in "my kingdom for a horse!" *yt* as in "yt was almost a spanne brood, I trowe", *th* as with thertain thpathmodic thoundth, *ath* our thtuttering friend would thay it) Worthingdon and Robert O. Linck.

Line 1. *Forenoon* would, of course, have been better than *morning* by contrasting more with *afternoon*. Why did the author choose *morning*?

Line 2. Where does the accent fall in this line? On *good*, on *afternoon*, or on *sir*? Seemingly, it would be rather pointless to accent *good*; and the accenting of *sir* would imply haughtiness or insult (it has not been determined which). The practiced reader will encounter no difficulty here.

QUESTIONS ACT I, SCENE 1

1. From what act and scene of what famous play is the title of this play derived?

2. Have you ever been on a street corner at midday? If so, did the shadows seem short? If not, did they seem short wherever you were? Why is this true? If not, why not?

3. This is the story of the development of an intellect. Which intellect seems keener in this initial scene? (Hint: use your judgment; or, if you prefer, judge your answer by who makes the keener retorts and by which character seems more alive to existing circumstances.)

4. What does the phrase "consciously adjusting a large rose" mean? Could you adjust a large rose unconsciously or subconsciously? In this connection read the following: "My Love is like a Red, Red Rose"; "A City Rose out of The Sea"; "Rows of Benches"; "The Mariner Rows His Little Craft over the Deep Blue Sea".

EXERCISES ACT I, SCENE 1

1. Make a list of the "existing circumstances" mentioned in Question 3.

2. Stand before a mirror or looking-glass and repeat the words Otto Smythe Worthingdon a hundred and thirty-eight times. Notice how your face is wreathed with smythes.
3. Say "Good morning, sir" to one stranger every day and make a world of friends.
4. Trace the bob-o-link and the whip-poor-will back to their common ancestor, the pteranodon of the mezosoic period.

TOPICS FOR COMPOSITION ACT I, SCENE 1

1. The Progress of Ornithology in Tierra del Fuego in the Past Three Decades.
2. Are Shadows Real? (Prepare briefs for the affirmative and negative sides of a debate.)
3. Church Chimes: Their Development and Their Psychological Effect on The Human Brain.
4. Chubbiness vs. Corpulency.

The Artist

By F. W. B.

God made this land of ghostly white
With snow and skeletons of trees,
And as day slowly turns to night
His clouds move onward lest they freeze.

He made His sketch soft neutral tone,
No contrast that might spoil the charm.
Save for some jagged trees alone
White blends with gray and all is calm.

Above the silent sleeping world
He drew the silver moon for light,
And made her veil, a misty cloud.
And then God called His picture, Night.

Subway

BY CHARLES H. DUFTON

AT the 38th Street station the rumbling subway stopped its speedy rush through the dimly lighted tunnels to let on a new passenger. She was a young woman in her early twenties, neatly dressed in tan. Over her curly blond locks there had been pulled a small and closely fitting hat which set off to advantage her well formed, attractive features. The attention of the commuters already in the car was momentarily turned towards her, and their glances were so direct that she lowered her eyes to avoid them as she walked along the aisle to an empty seat.

By the time she had comfortably settled herself and had lost some of her self consciousness, the minds of the passengers had become occupied elsewhere, leaving the girl to her own thoughts. She looked up and was surprised to see a young man on the opposite side of the car smiling at her. For a moment she was puzzled, but soon a smile of recognition flashed across her face. Noticing this, the fellow, a handsome, yet not too well dressed young man, walked over to the empty seat beside her and sat down.

"Why, hello, Mary," he began. "This is a surprise."

"How are you, Jack?" she answered. "I haven't seen you for ages."

"I'm fine, thanks. But what about yourself? You look O.K."

"I'm all right," she replied. "But what have you been doing lately? I haven't seen you since our—."

Here their eyes met, and memories seemed to come back to each. They must have been painful memories, too, for her smile slowly gave way to an expression of sadness, perhaps regret, and, as for him, he soon looked away, answering, "Not much. I'm married now, you know."

"Why! I hadn't heard!" she said, surprise and disappointment showing on her face. "When did it happen?"

Somewhat embarrassed, he replied, "Last February. Right after I found out you wanted to break off our engagement."

She showed further surprise and said, "Gee, that's news to me. You couldn't have known her very long."

“Oh, yes, I’d met her a year before that. You see, your change of mind came just about right for me. I didn’t know how I was going to tell you.”

“How is Mrs.—?”

“You mean my wife?”

“Yes.”

“Aw, she’s all right, but I don’t think I like this married life.”

“Why, what’s wrong?”

“We quarrel a lot; can’t get along together at all. S’pose that’s the way with all married people, though.”

“Oh, I don’t know about that. Bob and I get along O.K.” This she said in a rather calm voice, but her face revealed an inward struggle as though her mind were occupied with thoughts different from her words.

It was his turn now to be surprised. “What do you mean—you and Bob?” Then he exclaimed, “Say, are you married, too?”

“Yes. That’s why I wanted to break off our engagement.”

“Well, well. Can you feature that? Both of us. How does he treat you, anyway? Beat you up every night?”

“No, no. He treats me wonderful.”

At this point the talk ceased. The young man looked down at the floor and in an attempt to renew the conversation said, “Where are you going now? Down to work?”

She hesitated, thinking, then replied, “No, I quit long ago. You see, Bob’s folks are rather well off—society folks, I mean. So they don’t want me to work now.”

“That’s better than you could have done with me. Guess it’s just as well, after all, that we did break up,” he added regretfully.

She was silent a moment, smiling occasionally. Perhaps some event, now in the past, would come back, bringing with it pleasant memories. Then she said, “Are you still selling neckties down at the store as you were when I first met you that day?”

Once again the young man paused and looked down before replying. “Yeah. I had a half-dollar raise last month, but that don’t

mean much. S'pose I'll stay there all my life; luck don't seem to come my way,—but here's my stop. I'll be leaving you now."

"Oh, good-bye, Jack. Glad to have seen you."

She watched him walk out of the car and disappear into the crowd outside. There was a mist in front of her eyes as the subway train moved on, and at the next stop she hastily applied a touch or two of powder to her face before she also rose to get off. Immediately a group of girls, chatting about a stairway which led to the street level, hailed her, saying, "Come on, Mary, hurry up; you'll be late for work."

Winter Trees

BY EDWARD M. BARNET

Stark and starved trees
Sticking in the skies
Seem to be an omen of
Men and beasts that die.

Bleak and black through sleet,
Icy winding-sheet,
Halting in the snowy pall
Nubian arctic trees.

Atmosphere of doom
Curtained earth all gloom
Ghostly trees no shadows trail
Still, distinct, and veiled.

Silent spectres cold
Petrified and old
Like a bloodless frozen corpse
Still, and white, and whole.

The Sun Had Risen

BY HOLLIS B. HILL

TWO hours ago the man had gotten up, doused his face in the night-chilled basin of water on the oak wash-stand, drawn on his heavy work clothes, and gone out. In semi-darkness he milked cows and performed the early morning chores. During all this time the man's face remained nearly as expressionless as while he slept. What little change appeared might have been due to the serious care with which he worked and the dogged perseverance in his motions. But the man was not alive.

Out of the east behind the firs on the hill appeared long glowing shafts of light, catching and setting on fire first the farmhouse chimney and then the great red barn. The cock was heard. The sleepy farmyard began to wake, uttering strange, discordant, gutteral noises, as though yawning, stretching, and muttering over the program for the day. The man walked more energetically; a life spark found a tiny crack in the hard clay covering of the soul and shone from his eye, growing brighter with every minute. He went to the white-washed gate of the cow pasture and stood looking across the broad, cultivated fields, which were covered with green shoots and tiny leaves. There was nothing of the poet in the man, so he said, but as he stood there, a queer and timid smile crept across his face, lighting it up and breaking the stern, resolute squareness of the jaw. He turned and entered the farmhouse kitchen, calling out as he opened the door, "Morning, Mary, bacon and eggs?"

"Yes, John, bacon and eggs. Cheerful as always this morning?"

"Yes, Mary. By the way, are you riding to town with me today to get that dress you said you wanted?"

The sun had risen.



* * *

Syncopating rhythm, hot music, low neck evening gowns, and starched shirtfronts! A slightly corpulent fellow led his partner, a thin, wistful-eyed doll, through the confusion of dancers and gaudy streamers. His red face reflected the high tension and feverish excitement of the surroundings. Lights, well muffled by purple and silver hangings, shed a weird gloom about the more obscure parts of the room. But, in contrast, the center of the hall sparkled. Dazzling red, white, yellow, and green shot in crazy patterns from a huge revolving drum set with thousands of tiny mirrors. Below on a shining square of floor appeared nimble-footed, wiry young dancers in tuxedos, and wild-eyed, scantily dressed girls, who sang sentimental "mammy" songs or "did" the latest steps. All this he watched with excited eyes. He was thoroughly alive.

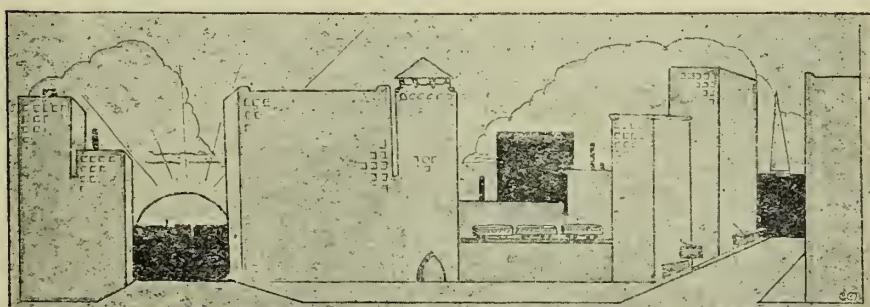
A taxi purred monotonously down the long avenue. Seated within was the man with the doll, somewhat wilted, still by his side, while he slumped blissfully back in the seat, his body motionless, dead, all but the eyes, which shone bright, as a hearth fire dies slowly down till all is dead ash but a single shining curl of fire. Soon, however, even this was gone; home, he lay inert under a layer of cotton puff, his eyes closed, his face pallid and complacent. For two hours nothing moved in the darkened room; then a gray white line appeared in the east behind the tall sky-scrappers. It grew lighter and lighter, giving the great buildings a hard gray pallor. It even found a crack between the curtain and the window of the man's room. He slowly gained consciousness, raised himself on an elbow, and blinked blearily about him.

"Damn!"

"Why the swearing, Almer?"

"Can't you pull down that curtain a little more, Lily?"

The sun had risen.



A Masterpiece in the Making

BY RING W. LARDNER

CHARACTERS

HENRY SEYMOUR, a successful scenario writer
JOHNSON, his secretary
SAM MORTON, a moving picture director
MANSFIELD, aide to Morton
REGGIE REYNOLDS, a leading man
MISS PENTON, a stenographer

SCENES

ACT I—Beverly Hills residence of Henry Seymour, June, 1929.

ACT II—A Hollywood Movie office, a week later.

ACT III—The same, two months later.

ACT ONE

The scene is laid in the study of the Beverly Hills residence of Henry Seymour. He is reading a newspaper while his secretary, Johnson, is sorting the mail.

Johnson: Here's one from an indignant author in Chicago. He wants to know why you changed the title of his *Swim, Boy, Swim*.

Seymour: *Swim, Boy, Swim?*

Johnson: Yes, you called it *Two Kinds of Women*.

Seymour: Oh, yeah, I remember.

Johnson: What shall I tell him?

Seymour: Oh, the truth for once. Our leading man couldn't swim. Gosh, those authors always kick. It's lucky Homer's dead or he'd be asking why we cut out Helen of Troy in the *Iliad*.

Johnson: Why did you?

Seymour: Because that sap Morton has five leading ladies on his hands and each wanted to be her. I don't know why.

Johnson: She probably won the Majestic Popularity Contest one year. But what did you use for an excuse for the war?

Seymour: Couldn't find any. We had to cut that out too.

Johnson: Oh. (*There is a brief pause for a while as the secretary opens more letters*). Here's one from a girl in Marshfield,

Wisconsin. She wants to know why you don't film Ludwig's *Napoleon*. She thinks it's good and has dramatic possibilities.

Seymour: Know anything about it?

Johnson: Yes, I've read it. It might be all right.

Seymour: Who are the leads?

Johnson: Well, there's Napoleon himself—

Seymour: Description?

Johnson: Well, he's a sort of imperial looking fellow about five feet one and—

Seymour: Too short. We'll have to cut him out.

Johnson: But you can't. The title's *Napoleon*.

Seymour: What do you think we are, a bunch of jackasses?

We can change the title. What's the thing about?

Johnson: Well, it concerns a lot of war in Europe.

Seymour: That's out too. Sam says no more war stories.

Johnson: That's about all there is to it.

Seymour: What did you bring it up for?

(*There is a brief silence during which the secretary investigates more mail.*)

Johnson: By the way, sir, Mr. Mansfield called up and wanted to see you some time this morning. Said he had an entirely new idea:

Seymour: Why didn't you tell me about it before? (*Puts on hat and starts for door.*) There's a man with ideas. We'll have a hit ready in a week. (*Curtain*)

ACT Two

(*The scene is the office of Sam Morton. Mansfield, Morton, and Reynolds are discussing the new picture.*)

Mansfield: It just came to me like a flash. You know, I'd been searching for weeks for an entirely new idea and it sure came.

Morton: I don't see why you had to go to Seymour about it. I wanted to fire him and now he's written another success.

Mansfield: Don't be dense, Sam. You know he's the only man in Hollywood who can get an idea across.

Morton: Yeah, he knows it too. He tries to get the big credit and doesn't seem to realize that it's the director's genius that puts it over.

Reynolds: Genius! You've got about as much genius as the man who invented the clothes-line. It's we actors that make a show good or bad.

Mansfield: And Seymour thinks it's his lines. And the photographers think it's them. Probably the guy that made the camera will want royalties. You guys can't see that it's the idea that counts.

(Enter Seymour)

Seymour: Hello, boys! How's my little show going? Gee! it's great to have guys like you helping me out.

Morton: It must be.

Mansfield: These guys have been changing it. Personally I think we ought to read it every now and then so we'll be able to recognize it.

Seymour: Somebody read the synopsis over. I want to see how it is now.

Mansfield: I will. (Picks up paper and begins.) John Craig—

Reynolds: That's me.

Mansfield: John Craig, son of a wealthy banker, goes to a small college, where he is well received because of his ability to play football.

Reynolds: Reggie Reynolds playing the feature part.

Mansfield: John becomes a bit swell-headed over his success and becomes quite boastful. But finally he sees a beautiful young co-ed and falls in love. Through her influence his character gradually changes.

Reynolds: That takes acting.

Mansfield: Shut up. Well, she agrees to marry him if he scores in the big game and he says O. K. But just before the game the coach, who doesn't know he's changed, comes up and says, "Craig, you're going in as quarter—"

Reynolds: Quarter?

Mansfield: It means quarterback—a football term.

Reynolds: Oh!

Mansfield: Anyway, he says, "Play quarter but remember, no grandstand stuff." Well, he goes in for one half and tries not to play grandstand, but when he gets near the goal line he always gives it to himself because he wants to score. But he never makes it and at the end of the half it's six—nothing in their favor. During the half the coach bawls him out and tells him never to take the ball inside their ten-yard line.

Morton: No coach would ever say that.

Mansfield: Well, who's going to do this picture? A bunch of football experts? Nothing much happens in the third quarter, but

at the beginning of the fourth one of his men kicks a field-goal, which makes it six to three. Then the excitement begins. Right near the end of the game they get the ball down on the other side's twelve-yard line. Craig takes it and goes through to the two. Then somebody shouts that there's half a minute to go. He doesn't know what to do. But finally he decides orders are orders. It's going to be really melodramatic here if we can get some decent acting.

Reynolds: We can.

Mansfield: So he passes to another guy, who misses it and it falls to the ground. An opponent tries to fall on it but Craig grabs it just in time and goes over with it. Then, of course, the kiss and the end.

Seymour: You can't do it. A grounded pass is a dead ball.

Mansfield: Are you sure?

Seymour: Yes. You should have left the college and football stuff the way I had it.

Morton: A fine picture we would have had if we had let you have your way. As it is, it's a hit and I'm not going to let any football rules stand in the way of my art.

Reynolds: Art! Why look here, Morton, it's act—

Mansfield: Oh shut up! I think you're right, Sam, but we'd get razzed if we went against the rules. And I've got an idea. Everybody wants something romantic and Spain is the movie fans' land of romance. Instead of a football game we could have a bull-fight—

Reynolds: And a señorita!

Seymour: And a castle!

Mansfield: And a swell theme song!

Morton: (*Catching on to the spirit of it*) And the rock of Gibraltar! (*Curtain*)

ACT THREE

(*Miss Penton is seated at a desk typing. She stops and picks up a newspaper.*)

Miss Penton: Oh! here's the writeup of *Moonlight in Madrid*. I guess it's quite a hit. (*Enter Mansfield*) Oh, Mr. Mansfield! It must be wonderful to have a show of yours go over like this.

Mansfield: It does feel nice. And if I do say it myself, it's good. (*Exit*) (*Enter Reynolds*)

Miss Penton: Oh, Mr. Reynolds, your picture is great.

Reynolds: I guess it is and I feel swell. But then, you know, some of the boys helped. (*Exit*) (*Enter Morton*)

The MIRROR

Miss Penton: Mr. Morton, I think you're the most wonderful director in California. Your show is great.

Morton: They all are. But your're right. I guess I did surpass myself. So long! (*Exit*) (*Enter Seymour*)

Miss Penton: Well, well, Mr. Seymour, I bet you're a proud man today. Your show's a hit.

Seymour: Do you really think so?

Miss Penton: I do.

Seymour: Well, it ought to be. I worked hard enough. The boys were great too and assistance helps. (*Exit*)

Miss Penton: Conceited fools! But it's been the same in every office I've worked for. They all think they're the big shots and not one of them realizes that it's the employees that make a joint like this what it is. Why, where would they be if it wasn't for me? I typed all their manuscripts, gave them their best ideas, and corrected their stuff. Probably I'm the least appreciated person west of the Mississippi. Why, I—

(*There is a loud snort of contempt off-stage and the curtain comes down.*)

Hans Frost

BY HUGH WALPOLE

REVIEWED BY M. F. MILLIKAN

CAN a mental rejuvenation take place in a man of seventy? Can a concatenation of events kindle a peacefully dying spark of mental activity into a hot flame of newly awakened thoughts and emotions? It is such a rebirth that Hugh Walpole pictures in *Hans Frost*. This character study of a great English novelist is based on the conflict between the social life forced on a noted man by an inconsiderate public and the retired life of intellectual activity which best suits his nature. Behind the external plot complications of the novel this conflict is continually raging.

The author very skilfully introduces this theme in the form of a comparison between Hans Frost, the Public Figure, and Hans Frost, the real person. We see him first through the eyes of Nathalie Swan, his country-bred niece. Though she has never met him, family connections, newspaper reports, and his books have impressed her sufficiently to make him her idol. She pictures him as a bearded savant, full of wise sayings, pondering only the deepest questions. What a different character we find when Walpole first gives us a peep at the real Hans! We are prepared for a master, pen in hand, absorbed in writing the book of the century; we find a delightful old man, lazily patting his dog, contemplating his books and pictures. We look for a brain filled with nothing but the wisest reflections and the most inspirational thoughts; we discover a sympathetic and understanding mind spiced with humor and almost childlike in the simplicity of its emotions.

We are introduced to Hans himself on his seventieth birthday. He has a good many literary achievements behind him, a very comfortable home, a good wife, and all his material wants satisfied; but he has reached a stage of mental stagnation. His wife has succeeded in suppressing the real Hans Frost and in cultivating the artificially social Hans Frost to such an extent that he is mentally and emotionally dying. Now on his seventieth birthday this stability of mind is upset and he feels unhappy. He is beginning to show the first symptoms

of the mental rebellion which develops throughout the book until he finally separates from his wife and the social activities and obligations connected with living with her.

This awakening is, of course, the result of several events all occurring at the same time, but it is occasioned mainly by the arrival of Nathalie Swan. Nathalie's vital personality calls to the long dormant spirit of restlessness in Hans to throw off the covers and enjoy the glorious sunshine. After some years of literary inactivity whose chief pleasures have been food and sleep and society dinners and trivial conversation with men and women like himself, the arrival of this youthful bundle of life with her many interests and problems opens up new vistas of experience for Hans. Walpole is careful, however, not to make this transition unnaturally sudden. Hans's first interest in Nathalie is largely a feeling of protection for the inexperienced country girl in the city, but as he comes to know her better, he develops a strong paternal affection for her.

This helps to widen the rift between him and his wife, Ruth. Ruth is the living impersonation of the social life from which Hans tries to break away. The author has done an excellent piece of work in giving her individuality. Though she is the kind of woman of whom there are so many, yet Walpole has given her something more than her outstanding characteristics of social ambition and unjustified self pity. She struggles, from the time she first observes Hans's change of mental attitude until she realizes that her cause is lost, to bring him back to his former submissive state. She realizes that the social position in which she glories is wholly a result of his social reputation, and that if this new restlessness which carries with it the discard of social responsibility is allowed to grow, her prestige in society is endangered. She foresees the possibility of a future separation as well as the disastrous results accruing to her from such a parting and exerts herself to the utmost to prevent it. True to her sex, she cannot escape from the jealous idea that another woman is responsible for her husband's unusual change of attitude. Nathalie, being Ruth's only possible suspect, thus becomes the innocent object of the latter's irritation and wrath. At length, by telling her that she is not wanted, Ruth drives Nathalie from the house. This is the last straw for Hans, the final blow that severs the ties binding him to his wife. Packing his things, he deserts her to find Nathalie, realizing as he leaves his home that he will never return again. He finds

Nathalie, starts her off on a career, and settles down in a quaint seaside village, free from the bother of butlers and dress clothes, to write his last book.

All of Walpole's characterization is indirect. He is unique, however, in that he records not only the important thoughts of his characters, but also all the trivialities which come into their heads. He pries into the minds of each of the people whom he has created and photographs every minute impression which they receive. At first this detailed exposition of the mental processes of his characters seems a bit jerky and abrupt because we are unaccustomed to it; but as we get into the book, we find that it proves a very effective way of bringing out the fine points of character.

There is nothing heavy about *Hans Frost*. There is a light humorous touch running through its pages which contributes immensely to its freshness and vitality. The sordid, realistic atmosphere of Theodore Dreiser is completely lacking. At the same time the author has created a good deal of dramatic intensity in many of the scenes in which the mental conflict is raging hottest.

Mr. Walpole has been accused of taking a sentimental turn in this, his latest work. It is true, certainly, that Hans and others of the aging characters of the book show a good deal of sentimentality at times; but this demonstrates rather the skill of the author in character portrayal than any weakness on his part. As he advances in years, man's feelings become freer and less easily controlled, giving him a tendency towards exaggerated emotion.

As to style, Walpole is a master. I have not quoted any passages from the book itself because the whole is so intricately woven together that no one passage is expressive of its spirit. A disconnected page is utterly flat, but a combination of pages produces a marvelous result. One point of style which particularly pleases me in Walpole is his use of original and distinctive figures of speech. Metaphors and similes of unusual vividness characterize the entire work.

In this day when the darker, less pleasant side of life is being so often portrayed by our literary men, it is a real pleasure to read a book which strikes a happy medium between the Pollyana attitude and an extreme of morbidity.

Portrait

BY GRAHAM PECK

THE house stands back from the road in a cluster of somber pines and looks, in its faded red and yellow paint, like a very old woman who has slept all night in her rouge. The deeply fringed pine trees which surround and conceal the house are so thick and tall that the only hint of what they enclose is given by a fantastic cluster of gables, which thrusts its jagged mass above the topmost branches.

The house, so village praters say, was built in the early eighties. Its florid style of architecture affirms this belief. Tortured balconies and gables, which appear added as an after thought, give it a deformed appearance. The too fanciful woodwork which drips from the eaves and writhes along the ridge poles robs the house of any effect of stability and gives one the impression that decay has already set in. But, despite its obvious ugliness and age, the house has acquired a compelling dignity which commands respect from the most unwilling.

On stormy nights, the old house seems animated by the elements into protest against an unkind Fate. The wind gibbers among the chimneys and rattles the loosened window panes with ghoulish glee. The rain beats with incessant fingers upon the glass, and the gaunt pines toss their madly gesticulating shadows across the sagging walls and into empty rooms.

But on calm moonlight nights, when all is still and somnolent except for the drowsy cluck of an awakened bird or the subdued purr of a distant automobile, the old house huddles in its pool of protective gloom and tries to find solace in memories of a time when all life had not deserted it.

Fresh Air

BY DAVID C. CORY

TIMES were getting hard for Doctor and Mrs. Buttman. The doctor's lecture engagements were diminishing. It would soon be a question of wondering where the next meal was to come from. The Sesquicentennial Exposition at Philadelphia, therefore, looked like a golden opportunity.

Doctor Buttman was a mere country physician. He had conceived what seemed to him to be a great idea—"The Importance of Fresh Air". An informal talk at one of the social functions of his rural community met with success. He gave another for those who had not attended. He was a good speaker, and, though many of his terms "went over the heads" of his listeners, he was heralded as "a man with an idea". His fame spread throughout the country, and he was invited to speak in many of the small rural centers.

It was Mrs. Buttman who suggested "going on the road". "Why, John," she had said, "you ought to start givin' reg'lar lectures. Tourin' 'round, you know." He had liked the plan and they had started out with all their savings as capital. He did well at first. Though his material was only mediocre, he talked in a convincing way that secured and held the attention of his audiences. He made a circuit of most of the smaller towns in the midwest and then looked for bigger engagements. They were slow in coming, however, and funds began to dwindle. Now here was the Sesquicentennial, an opportunity too good to let slip by.

They arrived in Philadelphia on the first day of the celebration, after a sleepless night in a day coach. Lodgings were at a premium, but a cheap boarding house near the celebration grounds was finally found.

They merely left their bags in the room with scarcely a glance at their accommodations, for, as the doctor had said, "There ain't much time to be frittered 'way when we got to git started right off."

A booth was eventually secured, and they "set up" the few posters, some bunting, and a gross or two of handbills that they had. The lecture was advertised as free, but Mrs. Buttman took a collection "to help defray the rental expenses of the booth," as the doctor said.

The first day went well. Three or four lectures were given, and the collections were more than gratifying. They returned to their room, dog tired from their efforts and the previous sleepless night. The lights wouldn't work. "Burned out," the doctor supposed. They undressed in the darkness and got into bed. Sleep came quickly.

At about three o'clock Mrs. Buttman awakened. Something was on her mind. Then she remembered....they had not opened the window! "John, John," she cried, "the air's bad. The window's down!" The doctor's peaceful snoring was the only reply she got. "John, I'm suffocatin'....the air's somethin' terrible!" she shrieked, shaking him. The doctor rubbed his eyes sleepily. Yes, the air did seem pretty bad. He jumped out of bed and stumbled about in the pitch darkness, trying to find the window. His hand touched something smooth; his fingers traced panes of glass. He gave a gentle push upwards, expecting the window to yield, but nothing happened. He tried again, using all the force he could muster, but his efforts were useless.

Mrs. Buttman was becoming hysterical. "Oh, John, do something!" she cried. "Smash it." He became desperate; the air seemed to be worse every minute. He stubbed his toe on a hard object—a door stop. He stooped and picked it up, feeling for the window. Ah, there it was; he hurled the cast iron missile. A crash and a tinkling of broken glass! He rushed to his wife and helped her to the place where the broken glass was, feeling his way along to avoid the sharp fragments. "There, Letty, get a whiff of that," he said, bending over her and gulping in the air. "Oh, ain't that wonderful, John?" she murmured. And in a few minutes—"Now I feel very good; I guess I'll get some more sleep." They returned to bed and both were soon lost in a deep, contented sleep.

Daylight was filtering in from the side alley when the doctor awakened. The first thing that came to his mind was the night's episode. The air did seem a little stuffy, though. He sat up and looked about. There was a window but it was intact; and there opposite it was a large book-case, one of its glass doors smashed to bits.

WHIPS AND WHEELS

A Stereopticon Lecture on the Life of William Shakespeare

Delivered by Hannah McS. Gangengigle (Bohemian)

(Written in the style which Prof. Leacock had the skill to imitate)

LADIES and Gentlemen, sometime ago your Committee for Intellectual Advancement broached me on the subject of giving a lecture on your auditorium's \$50 foundation. For my subject I have ventured that yet unexplored field, the life of William Shakespeare.

Lights, please. Buzz.

Scholars assert that Shakespeare was of high birth. This assertion is due, no doubt, to the fact that his parents occupied the only three-story house in Stratford. John Shakespeare, better known as Shakespeare's father, was, indeed, a man of no great note, as this rather unusual daguerreotype, which was picked up in the outskirts of Mrs. Shakespeare, illustrates. Buzz.

I should like to show you a picture of Shakespeare's mother, but, unfortunately, daguerreotypes had not yet been perfected, as can be seen from the picture of her husband which you have just viewed.

This is the familiar picture of Anne Hathaway's cottage, in the wine cellar of which scholars have *conclusively* proved that the young Shakespeare *probably* addressed his most tender affections to his lady love in one of history's most beautiful romances. The simple village folk would stand in little groups watching William and Anne romping in the country meadows, and the village smith, with arms akimbo, would nudge the village cobbler, remarking with an omniscient wink, "Anne hath a way." Shortly after the wedding ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Shakespeare were blessed with the little Susana. Buzz.

The need to sustain his rapidly growing family was the direct cause of Shakespeare's being apprehended in the act of serving his wife some poached eggs from the estate of Sir Thomas Loosey. His contact with Sir Thomas Loosey paved the way to his regular habits, as is shown through his Plutonic philosophy, which can be observed in his *Romeo and Juliet*, the action of which takes place in great haste. This picture is of Sir Thomas Loosey and William Shakespeare shaking hands—at each other. Buzz.

But lo, the rosy fingered dawn, in russet mantle clad, walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill! "Sweetest Shakespeare" must to London (or any other place away from Stratford-on-Avon) go! The morning lark could, had he chosen to look, have seen tears tracing their salty course down the cheeks of the heartsick Shakespeare. His wife, his senior by a decade, was becoming too old to earn the family bread. Buzz.

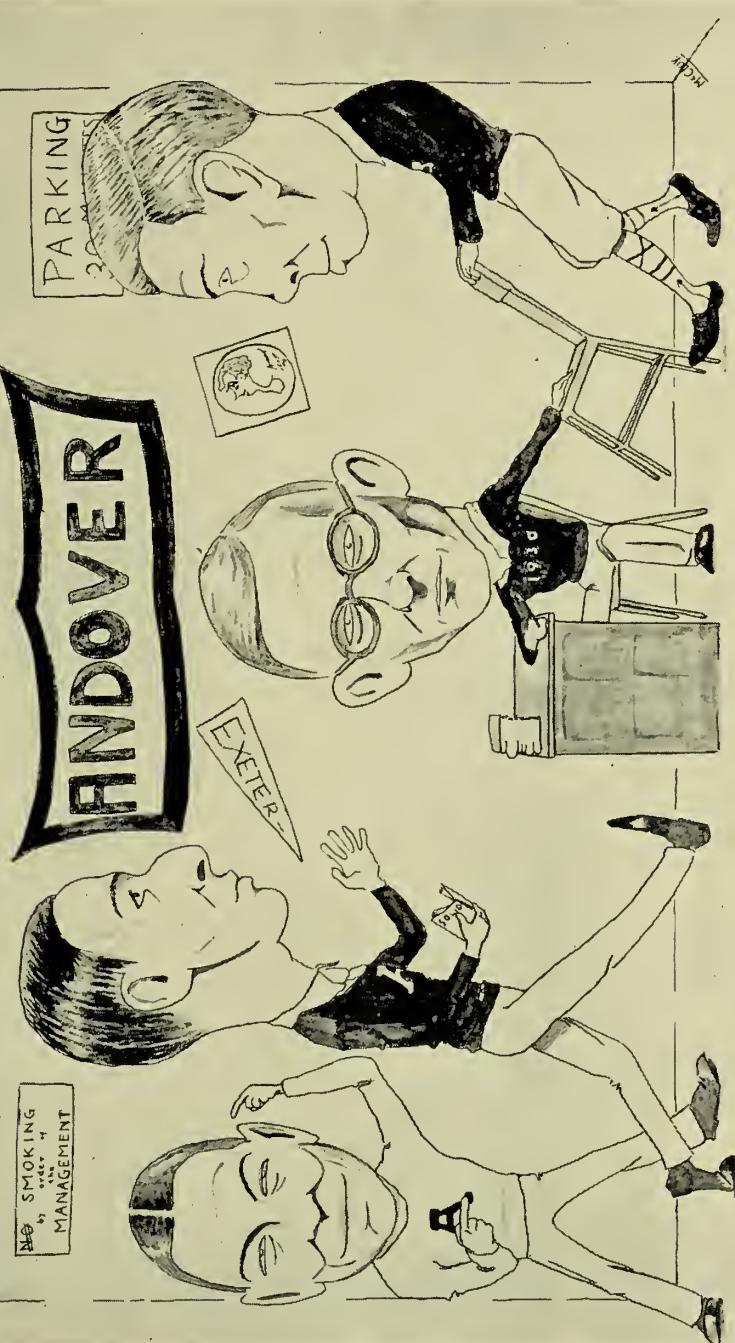
Here is a picture of Shakespeare tapping the adolescent Milton on the head with his walking staff, incidentally knocking off the glasses of that pensive youth. Milton later explained that a tramp passing through Horton caused his blindness by doing violence to his spectacles. Buzz.

This is London Towne at the time of Goode Queene Besse. In the upper left hand corner you can easily discern a pink house, which I have colored pink so that you can easily discern it. It is a house that we know definitely was never inhabited by Shakespeare. Buzz.

Let us now stroll under Tyburn Gate, through which Shakespeare must have passed if he came this way. If he did not, he must have entered by another. Buzz.

During the next year Shakespeare's occupation was questionable, and many letters of explanation (some of which appear expurgated) passed between London and Stratford. Most scholars admit losing sight of Shakespeare during the next three years. I believe, and we have ample proof to substantiate the statement, that he was at sea. See Richard II's famous words, "For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground!"—also Ophelia's immortal lines in *Hamlet*, "O, woe is me to have seen what I have seen, see what I see!" This is a

"TO SEE OURSELVES . . . "



picture of the North Sea, one of the bodies of water upon which he might have sailed during this period.

Lights, please.

In concluding, I might remark that during the next quarter of a century Shakespeare spent his time in writing his plays, which I do not consider worthy of further mention, except that when they were attributed to Lord Bacon, that worthy remonstrated, stating that he would not have his name attached to anything so rancid.

Shakespeare died in 1616, if the *Merry Wives of Windsor* may be considered autobiographical; and his bones were interred in St. Mary's Church, Stratford-on-Avon. Over the tomb is the inscription by the great lexicographer, Ben Johnson, "O rare Will Shakespeare, Fancy's Childe!"

BY HENRY EHRLICH II AND EDWARD M. BARNET

"Non Ex"

BOYS, classmates, professors, hear my tale:
I came here to pass, not to fail.
The work that I do is not the best:
My marks are not the highest;
So I am on "Non Ex". The wise Faculty
Have told me that I am flunking:
If it is so, it is very sad news,
And sadly I am answering it.
Here, with apologies to the Faculty,—
For they are all honorable men,
Who must perform their duties,—
I will tell of my failings.
"Non Ex" is not my friend, but my associate:
Yet the Faculty say that I am failing;
And they are honorable men.
The "Ex" is keeping me from the lectures,
By which I could well profit:

Is this a worthy punishment for failing?
When cuts are given, it holds me fast:
Looser bonds the "Ex" should have:
But the Faculty say that I am failing;
And they are honorable men.
You all did see that in the first rating
I received an honor or two,
Which I did well deserve. Was this flunking?
Yet the Faculty say that I am failing,
And they are honorable men.
I speak not to find fault with the professors,
But only to try to get a break.
You all know what it is to fail:
Why don't you sympathize with me?
O Fate; I seem to get the ill luck,
And others, all the good. Stay a minute;
I find that I am off the "Ex",
And I must wait till I get on again.

By W. S. WALCOTT

Do you know

.....that if all the stones in the wall around the main campus
were laid end to end, there would be no wall left?



This Business of Suspenders

THIS problem of buying suspenders has gotten to be one of the country's greatest worries. I had this rather ghastly fact impressed upon me the other day when I went into a haberdasher's with the idea of buying some of the beastly things. I beetled in, and, with a cheery "What ho" and so on, asked a fishy-eyed clerk if I could see some suspenders. Now he looked at me with the glare of a pained jellyfish. "You mean braces, sir?" he quoth accusingly. Now, I'm not a fellow to beat around the bush, so I frankly admitted that that was what I was after. I don't know what the old trousers would say if they heard me call their main source of support "braces", but then, that's just one of those things we have to put up with. I mean to say, a chap can't buy a good old-fashioned pair of suspenders any more without having the store tack a dude name on them and a couple of dollars to the price.

Well, anyway, after the old carp had belittled me with this "braces" rot, he hauled out a box of things that would have made any modernistic artist shrivel with contrition. One of the mildest pairs of suspenders was what looked like a battle between a couple of discouraged purples and pinks. The clerk had by now assumed the glassy stare of a swordfish who didn't give a darn whether he made a sale or not. Of course, I never saw a swordfish look that way, but if he ever did feel that way, that's the way he would look. A few more cerulean conflicts just about did away with the old eyes, and I pleaded for mercy. The clerk, in answer to my frantic request, said that they had no mild shades, such as a calm black and white, or an orange and black. I staggered out of the store feeling utterly helpless, but with the consolation that, although a belt doesn't hold the trousers up quite as well as braces, it certainly is a lot easier on the constitution.

BY EDWARD R. BOSLEY, JR.

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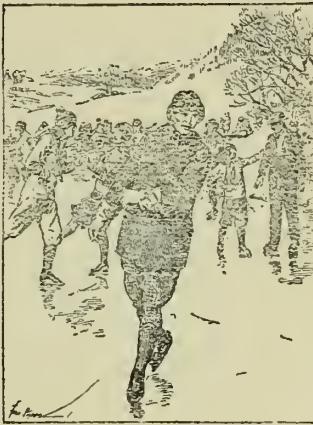
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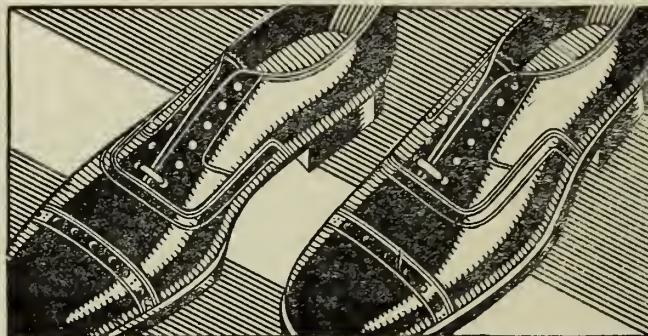
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THE MIRROR

PHILLIPS ACADEMY ANDOVER



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EDITORIAL



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QUITE in contrast to the dreary habit of winter is the new, fresh garb of spring, which will soon be so much in evidence. We have, in time to the occasion, tried to bring out in our new cover how different the appearance of this warmer season is from that of the winter.

In this number, too, we have undertaken a new experiment. We have printed articles which are, in the main, longer than those which we have hitherto published, which fact, of course, has necessitated a more limited, but, we hope, an equally representative group of contributions. It will be interesting to note which type of article will be the better received—the short or the long.

THE MIRROR extends its heartiest congratulations to the new members of its board.

“What Shall We Do Now?”

BY HOLLIS B. HILL

“**W**HAT shall we do now, Richie?” said one small boy to another as they sat side by side at the top of the wooden stairs leading up to a shabby but comfortable suburban dwelling. The day was fast ripening, but for these two individuals, the rapid passing of the minutes was of little consequence. School had shut its battered doors for the last time that year, releasing the impatient pupils, who scurried down the graveled paths toward their respective homes, chattering and repeating in a sing-song tone that ancient chant of the free, “No more pencils, no more books, no more teachers....” and so on. So also had these two hurried away from the stern old building that was the Washington Grammar School. Each eagerly told the other of the good times he would enjoy during the coming summer.

“I tell you what,” cried out one, suddenly inspired, “let’s go down to the parkway and sail our boats. I saw a corker place to put them in; you could stay on one side and catch them when I let them go.”

“Aw no, that’s no fun; I’m sick of doing that all the time. Seem’s to me as if any time I want to do something, you always make me play with those rotten old boats. It’s a sissie’s game, and anyway, my boat’s no good any more; it got busted,” disdainfully answered the other, whose name was Horace.

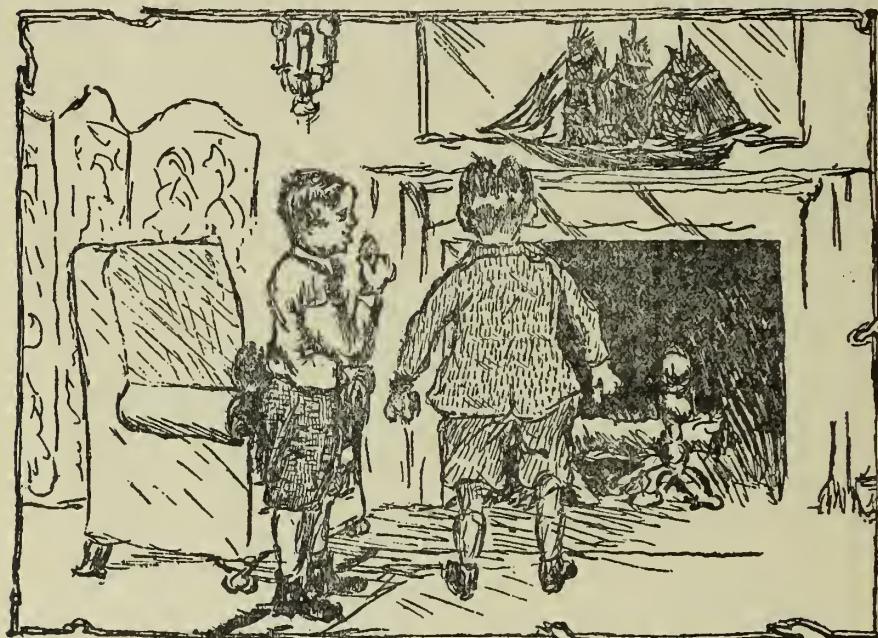
“Well, what *do* you want to do then?” demanded Richie.

This constructive criticism seemed to floor the other for a moment, but he slowly answered after stooping down to pick up a stone and then violently kicking it with his unpolished shoe, which, however, looked very much accustomed to this treatment. “Oh—well, we could do lots a’ things that’s more fun than that—. Maybe Fatty Scott’s mother would give us a cookie or something like she used to, if we went over and played with Fatty a while. But we wouldn’t have to stay, if you didn’t want to, ’cause he’s an awful dumb kid,

The MIRROR

anyway. We could—a—oh, there are *lots* of things we could do—over near his house.”

“I s’pose so. I always do what you say, but let’s see if the doughnuts your mother was making are done. I love doughnuts—when I was up in the country at Aunt Clara’s near a big lake that was great for swimming—and fishing, too—I know because Uncle Harry used to take me out in his motor boat that went fast as the dickens, and he used to catch fish as big as this.” Here Richie spread his hands apart to show the magnitude of these baby whales. “Maybe they were bigger’n that, almost as big as this, I guess.” He in-



creased the distance. The size of his imaginary fish was now extraordinary, and his wide blue eyes, staring out of his somewhat smudgy face, showed it. But he was not the one to give in now.

“Aw, quit your kidding; I bet there isn’t any fish in any lake as big as that. You’re just trying to fool me because you think I haven’t been fishing. I’ve been fishing lots of times in my life—or

anyway, even if I haven't, I've heard Dad talk about it lots of times." Richie was, without doubt, much impressed, but not quite ready to believe so great a marvel.

"Sure there is. You can ask my father when he comes home; ask anyone!"

"Aw boloney," muttered Horace, not intending to show the defeat he felt. "Come on in and I'll ask Ma for a doughnut. She told me I could have one right away as soon as they were done. I never could understand what she means, though: she said something about she'd give me anything under the sun if I would only take myself out of the kitchen for a little while. What d'ya think she meant, anyway?"

"I d'n know. Grownups are dumb when they talk much. I've often heard my mother say so when my father brings some other man home and they begin talking an awful lot about stocks and bonds and comp'nies and everything. She used to say to him afterwards, why couldn't he keep his old money things away from the dinner table. But I never saw what was the matter; I liked it 'cause when he got talking, he never would notice *how* many servings of dessert I had, or why I didn't sit up in my chair, or didn't I know what fork to use, or anything."

Half an hour later found Richie standing before his mother, who was sewing, inquiring about the promised doughnut. Horace remained in the parlor, hugely enjoying trying to discover if gold-fish are ticklish. His experimental apparatus consisted of a long straw from some ancient broom which someone had, no doubt, left about in preparation for the weekly ordeal of house-cleaning. It was not that he would not have much preferred to follow his comrade to the sewing room where resided a most intriguing sewing machine, but he had been warned by Richie to stay behind lest his mother withdraw her offer, on seeing two hungry boys.

Richie did not follow his mother directly to the pantry, for well he knew that she did not wish him to learn the hiding place. He merely sauntered down the stairs as if his mother were fetching the

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castor oil, instead. When she had disappeared, quick as a mouse and almost as noiselessly, he raced to a certain hole in the little sliding door which had once been used by a maid, when serving between the dining room and kitchen. Through this small aperture he gained the desired information. And when his mother returned, with two beautifully browned doughnuts, there was Richie, totally absorbed in looking at a copy of a Rembrandt, which he must have seen a thousand times before, if he had once. He took the delicious morsels and aimed for the great open spaces. But this, it seems, was not his true goal, for when the sewing machine once more sounded, he checked his rapid pace, reversed, and raced toward the kitchen door.

Richie, displaying overwhelming generosity, grandly handed over two whole doughnuts to his friend. However, his serviceable corduroy trousers bulged suspiciously at the pockets, and he was happily munching a doughnut himself. Thus engaged, they made their way toward Fatty's neighborhood, and peace reigned between them. But before they arrived at the house of the victim of the deeply laid cookie plot, many things occurred. They teased a neighbor's little daughter to let them play with her bright new ball, they rang old Widow Pierce's door bell and hid in the bushes to hear her vehement expostulations on that subject, they broke two windows in a deserted home and were subsequently chased away by a policeman, and they gulped down two sizeable dinners in their respective homes.

So by the time they actually reached their destination, the warm summer sun was beginning to move again toward the horizon, and dark, cool shadows steadily lengthened under the tall elms of the older part of the town.

“Let's surprise him,” said Horace, motioning to his friend to follow him under the clusters of lilac bushes which were grouped about the house. “I tell you, we'll both yell when I say so, and I bet we scare him out of his wits.”

Peering out from the darkly shadowed bushes, the boys saw Fatty doing what only a true sissy *could* do. There he was, balancing his well padded self on the top of a step-ladder, clutching at a

frail clothes line, from which he was attempting to unfasten the dry washing. With each successful catch, he breathed a relieved puff and promptly fired that particular piece of raiment into a large clothes basket, which lay at the foot of the ladder. Then he dropped the clothes pin on a neat pile beside the basket. Suddenly there came a loud war whoop from the bushes, and two small figures dashed out from nowhere at all. Down came Fatty with a thump. Over went the ladder on top, and the basket tossed its contents high in the air when that startled one hundred and forty pounds of pudgy mass landed on the wicker side of the basket. When he arose and looked about for the cause of his humiliating disaster, nothing was to be seen; no noise broke the stillness of the approaching evening.

Two dark and somewhat weary looking figures sat disconsolate at the top of the stairs leading up to an old suburban dwelling when the master of the house came home from his day in the busy metropolis. When he had patted one of the figures on the back and had greeted the other with a weary, "Hello, Richie," and then let himself in with his door key, one small figure turned to the other and whispered hopefully, "What shall we do now?"

Cyrano

BY EDWARD M. BARNET

Down the street he strides with head thrown back,
His plume tossed back to dare the world attack,
His nose and pointed beard a vanguard keen,
His hand on sword hilt poised to sweep it clean;
While in behind, its blade protrudes the cape,
As if in answer to an ambushed shape
Which, jealous, waits to spring out, as does fate,
Which threatens independence by its hate.

And thus it is he strides, his nose ahead,
Complete arrogance, masque of soul not dead,
Which under all the sword and cape and plume
Is suffering martyr's fate and still has room
To let another climb and seize the kiss
While he, below, has lost eternal bliss.

The Barb of Satire in Modern Drama

BY MAX F. MILLIKAN

DOWN through the ages, the iconoclast has expressed himself in a wide variety of ways. The philosophically minded has bombarded the citadel of orthodoxy and conventionality with weighty essays and treatises; the more fiery political and religious reformer has found a medium of expression in the soap box; the lesser contemporary knocker has turned to the editorial columns of the newspapers and periodicals. But the really clever and at the same time penetrating reformers have been the satirists.

Today there are many skilled dramatists in this field, of whom perhaps the most outstanding is George Bernard Shaw. For some time this eminent English playwright has been trying to strike a blow at idealism. Though far from belonging to the sordid school of extreme realism, he sees most romance as highly superficial. *ARMS AND THE MAN*, one of his best efforts, is a definite blow at the shell of unreal romantic conceptions surrounding military service. He takes for a setting a country steeped in hero-worship at a time when war with another country fostered this practice. Bulgaria in 1885 was sending forth the noblest and bravest of her sons to combat the hated Austrians and Servians. Shaw makes use of this historical situation to contrast one of these supposedly noble, red-blooded youths with a practical professional soldier from Switzerland. The latter, by far the more interesting of the two, enters the house of the fianceé of the former as a refugee, and explodes some of the notions of the Bulgarians concerning the romance of war. Through his conversation the false conception that a uniform makes a superman or a god of an ordinary person is brought out and exposed. In him Shaw introduces an individual totally foreign to romantic literature, a rational soldier.

But he does not confine himself to ridiculing militarism. He derives the false illusions concerning love, honor, truth, and the other sterling virtues, many of which grow out of war. Sergius, the noble soldier, and Raina, the irreproachable heroine, conceive

what they think to be a pure passion for each other, which is in reality a mere sham growing out of the brightly painted deeds of the hero. The couple begin to weaken under the strain of assumed devotion when Sergius, flirting with the servant girl, Louka, says, "Louka, do you know what the higher love is?" Louka replies in the negative, whereupon Sergius goes on to say, "Very fatiguing thing to keep up for any length of time, Louka. One feels the need of some relief after it." And on the other side a certain boredom is indicated when Raina, in conference with her mother concerning Sergius, says, "I always feel a longing to do or say something dreadful to him—to shock his propriety—to scandalize the five senses out of him."

Certainly this dart was needed ten or fifteen years ago to prick the bubble of idealism on which so many were basing their aspirations. The false ideas which it attacks are still prevalent among large classes today in spite of the flood of realism which has been sweeping over the field of literature. Though, as a rule, those who are ridiculed are so firm in their convictions that they are unable to gain any advantage from a satire, the thoughtful man and woman will find many pointers in **ARMS AND THE MAN**.

Another more recent play, written more or less in the Shawian manner, is **THE ROAD TO ROME** by Robert Emmet Sherwood. Many critics think that Sherwood has copied Shaw's style directly, but though the play has some of the characteristics of Shaw's work, it is basically quite individual. The author has tried, with a very large measure of success, to expose the political booster and the patriotic nationalist. Many of us have the idea that this creature is a product of the modern world whose counterpart is to be found nowhere in history. Sherwood shows us that, since the beginnings of civilization, each generation has slapped itself on the back and said, "My, what a fine place we're living in. Why, just look at the population figures." He chooses the Roman era as a fairly good example and weaves his plot around the historic characters of Quintus Fabius Maximus, Roman dictator during Hannibal's invasion of Italy, and his associates. Of course none of the historical characters were enough of philosophers to realize just how petty and insignificant

they were, and so Sherwood introduces a fictitious wife of Fabius to do the constructive thinking. Being of Athenian blood, she has not the inborn fire of patriotism of the native Roman and consequently can see the Rome-Carthage struggle in its true light. By the use of modern language, Sherwood brings his characters as well as his idea home to us much more clearly than he would have had he dealt in archaic forms. With a change of name, Fabius would pass anywhere for an American senator. He remarks to Amytis, his wife, one evening, "I've been working hard lately. It's the state that demands all my time—all my energy."

To which she replies, "Of course—the state! What is there in life but the state and the state's business and the state's public brawls...."

"We can have no other thought until Rome rules the world," is his patriotic comment.

Her philosophic slant on the situation is brought out in a conversation between herself and two slaves with whom she is in sympathy. She says, "We have the misfortune to be thoughtful people—and there's no place for us in the world as Rome is organizing it. We haven't that air of destiny, or the self-confident strength that it gives. Thoughtful people are never successful." She is impressed with the futility of the struggle between Rome and Carthage; so impressed that when the Carthaginian forces are just outside the gates of Rome, she slips out of the city and makes her way to the tent of Hannibal to try to impress him with the same idea. The real thought of the play is brought out in conversations between the two.

"Perhaps, some day, you'll realize," she says to him, "that there's a thing called the human equation. It's so much more beautiful than war."

"The human equation does not interest me."

"Because you don't know what it is. If you could ever find it, you'd know that all your conquests—all your glory—are only whispers in the infinite stillness of time—that Rome is no more than a tiny speck on the face of eternity—that the gods are the false images

of the unimaginative....and then you'll wish that all you've done could be undone."

Perhaps if more of our statesmen and politicians would take heed of the principles brought out in this play, world peace would be an easier problem. As it is, I am afraid the ideals of patriotism and nationalism on which they have been nursed are too strong for any notions contrary to them to enter into their minds.

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK by Kaufman and Connelly attacks much the same type of individual in a different walk of life. The Rotarian American business man with his incessant search for financial success is in this case the recipient of the authors' thrusts. The importance of monetary matters and the commercialization of art are targets for the authors' literary projectiles. The play is the essence of **BABBITT** dramatized. It is, however, of an entirely different type from either of the two above. The practical common-sense logic and witty repartee of Shaw and Sherwood are replaced by the fantastic exaggerations of a dream. The effect secured in **ARMS AND THE MAN** and **THE ROAD TO ROME** by subtle conversation and clever wording is brought about in **BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK** through a sort of dramatic "reductio ad absurdem".

Thinking that he must have money, a composer becomes engaged to the daughter of a big manufacturer. Association with her family works his mind up to such a pitch that his disgust for them breaks out in a horrible nightmare of their marriage and after-life which forms the major part of the play. The irritating qualities of each member of the family—the back-slapping, energetic father, the patronizing society mother, the coarse, loud son, and the effusive, pleasure-loving fiancéé—are exaggerated to such a degree that they become highly amusing. All the horrors which American big business methods hold for the sensitive artist are brought out in such wild creations of the composer's fancy as an overdrawn conference with everybody talking at once and an art factory for the mass production of cheap music, poetry, and painting. As is necessarily the case in any exaggeration, the satire is of a much more obvious nature than the Shavian type. In an audience of average intelligence it

would be quickly appreciated by everyone except the Babbitts against whom it is directed. The typical Rotarian would probably be the first man to slap the authors on the back after the show and exclaim, "Great show you boys put on tonight. Sure was a riot." But the humor of the performance would be the only thing that would commend it to him.

Totally different from any of these three is A. A. Milne's *THE DOVER ROAD*. There is nothing harsh or sharp about this play. It does not have the practicality of Shaw, the realism of *THE ROAD TO ROME*, and the broadly humorous absurdity of *BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK*, but it has a certain something lacking in each of these, a soft, rich quality, approaching sentimentality, if you will—but such delicate sentimentality. Mr. Milne treats with delightful levity and charm the question of hasty second marriages. A Mr. Latimer, interested in the problem, makes it a hobby to stop couples running away to France to be married. He keeps them at his house on the Dover Road for a week, showing each to the other in all his or her most disagreeable moods, at the end of which time, if the couple are still devoted (a rare occurrence), he sends them on their way. As he says to one girl, "I know the risks of marriage. Marriage is an art—well, it's a profession in itself. And what are you doing? Marrying a man whose only qualification for the profession is that he tried it once and made a damned hash of it." As Milne shows us, there are a great number of people who are so struck by the first dazzling light of romance that they fail to look beneath the surface before taking the plunge. Free from the bonds of parental counsel, they are more hasty in making a second choice, when from experience they should be more cautious than they were in picking out their first mate. This, of course, leads to a great deal of unhappiness. Though the point which the play attempts to make may not be quite obvious enough for the less intelligent masses, the thoughtful will see it immediately.

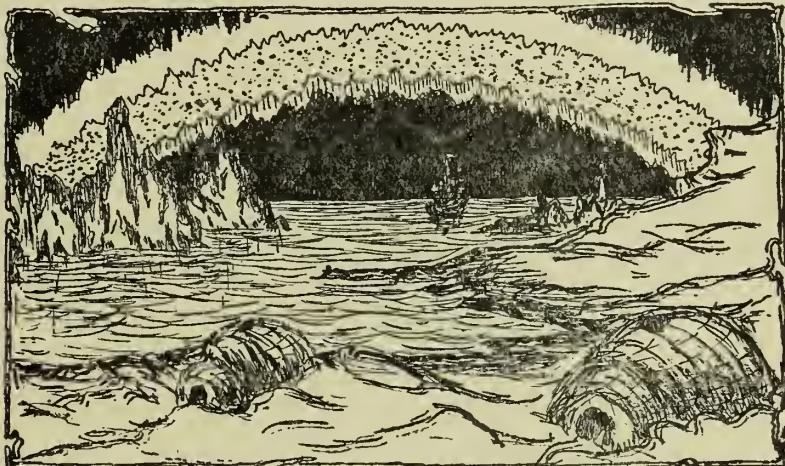
These four plays serve to illustrate the modern trend in satirical writing. They prove that in spite of the wails of the critics, our age is not devoid of literary talent along dramatic lines.

The End of the Trail

BY ROBERT C. NORTH

THE cold, Arctic moon casts her pale glow across the snow-white masts till they glisten and sparkle like jewels in some ancient Oriental mosque. Overhead the Aurora stretches its long, filmy fingers to the very horizons, as though gathering the stars, like tiny snow flowers, into the ice gardens of the spirits. The death-like hush of the Northlands is broken only by the ghostly moan of shifting ice fields, the distant howl of the timber wolf, and the sharp reports of freezing birches. Beneath the dark, mystic pine trees they dance, these spirits of the dead. Tripping softly to the tune of Arctic blasts, they beckon, they call me to join them in their dance. I can see them clearer now, dead comrades of the trail; their spell has come upon me; God, how it grips!

My fire burns low. Within the coals I see visions of the past, my home, the faces that I used to know so well, the great fire blazing on the hearth, my mother sitting there. I used to lie and dream of the years to come. But now it's gone; my game is up. No more I'll buck the drifts. I'm free, I'm dancing with the spirits of the dead.



The Fate of Sinon

(A Fragment of an Epic by Charles S. Underhill)

CANTO THE FIRST

Relating the fall of Troy, with special attention to Sinon, the Greek deserter.

I.

Melpomene, thy lyre must ease its strings
Of song divine. O sing for us the last,
The lost, the long-forgotten tale of woe,
Of retribution merited by man
And ministered by unforgetful Fate.
A fiery sun was glowing in the west;
The waters blue were tinged with crimson flame,
When far across the Phrygian wave the Greeks
To Aulis and Mycenae steered their craft.

* * * * *

Now hand in hand, by common feeling bound,
The beggar and the prince together join
In songs of praise at temple and in shrine;
And all—from humble vendors of the streets
To portly, stately masters of their trade—
Adorn their unmolested homes with wreaths.
Then pass a day to unconfined thanks
Devoted and a night to feast.

II.

The gleaming frost reflected from each blade
The first bright rays of Helios, revealing
A tattered garment fluttering in the breeze,
A sleeping figure sprawled upon the sward,
And Phrygian shepherds stooping, mystified.
The rumor whistles up the plain to Troy,
“A Greek deserter has a tale to tell!”

III.

Refreshed and garbed anew the captive stands
Amid hushed crowds before the royal throne.
Old Priam, calm of brow and speech, demands:
“What fledst thou, Greek?”.....

(Here follow Sinon's deceitful story of his escape from being sacrificed at the altar of Poseidon by the wrathful Odyssesus, and his treacherous suggestion that the Trojans bring in the Horse and thus render Troy immune from further attack.)

* * * * *

Old Priam of the care-bleached locks is gripped;
The Queen and Princes, trembling overjoyed,
Anticipate the coming day of peace;
The courtiers gasp; the warriors breathe a prayer;
The woman's face is moist with tears; the babe,
His bawling hushed, inquisitively rolls
His big, black eyes to that mysterious man,
Who makes his parents stop and stand so still.

IV.

The walls are torn, the streets are cleared, the Horse
Majestic rears its gleaming planks on high.
At noon the planed wood is blinding white,
And crowds of craning necks are downward bent,
As when a recent fall of dazzling snow
Makes trudgers turn away their aching eyes.
At sunset hour the paling light of day
Bestreaks the mass of wood with rosy hues;
The traffic of the day is on the wane,
And homeward hurrying tradesmen glance aloft
To wonder at the transformation wrought
From snowy white to red and cloudier shades.
In darkness now it stands on top of Troy;
The tiny houses, people, forms below
Are lost in deepest blue and hazy black;

An eagle from the sea swerves to the height
And, soaring where no other thing could reach,
Alights on the shapeless mane of Ilium's Horse;
And there it tarries, peering through the night,
And thence it flaps its wings and circles off;
But who could tell which way?

V.

And at the selfsame instant trusted Sinon,
While Trojan revelers slumber after feasts,
Is slinking like a rat that from its hole
A tempting morsel spies and, seeking it,
Runs lurking here and scurrying there, and then,
Within a striking limit, makes a dart,
Malicious-eyed, to carry off the prize.
Not otherwise did Sinon gain approach
And with excited, hasty hands slide back
The bolt that held in check the sack of Troy.
They're out! The city's lost! Protect the palace!
The Myrmidons descend by every street;
The sleeper wakes to hear the screech of death,
To see the flames of ruin licking near,
To sense the mortal blow at every breath,
To feel it cold—then bubbling hot—and then
The Stygian Black receives one Trojan more!
At every crowning taste of victory
There gibing Sinon steeps his sword in blood;
When fresher troops swarm in at all the gates,
When every fray augments supremacy,
Then Sinon laughs and mocks the dead and dying
In words of spiteful glee. But know thou, fool,
Compared with thee the Trojan corpse is blest;
When Fates laugh last, their laugh is ever best.

The Legend of the Pont du Gard

BY HERBERT G. OGDEN

MANY, many centuries ago, when the might of Rome held sway throughout the fair land of Provence, the water supply of fast growing and prosperous Nîmes began to assume dangerous aspects. In winter, during the rainy months, water was abundant, but in summer, when the ground became as dry as powder, the fig trees no longer bore fruit, grape vines perished, and only the everlasting cypress remained above that land of dust and desolation, that almighty empire of Rome was powerless.

And so in 19 B. C., during the reign of Emperor Augustus, steps were finally taken to relieve the most fearful conditions in and around Nîmes. The most skilled engineer of the imperial army was dispatched to that region to construct an aqueduct from the springs of Suse and Airan, thirty-two miles away, to the parched city. After three years of successful struggle against the hills and valleys on the way to Nîmes, a conduit, six feet high and four feet broad, reached the River Gard. Here, confronted by a valley, one hundred and sixty feet deep and eight hundred and ten feet wide, through which in spring there raged a fierce torrent, all the skill of Rome was in vain. Foundation after foundation was laid in this river bed, only to be swept away in the spring by the roaring stream. The colossal enterprise was abandoned.

During all these years there had lived at Nîmes a sinister, mysterious Frenchman, Ethérard. Because of his peculiar habit of taking trips all by himself into lonely valleys and spending days out on the desolate moor, he was accredited with supernatural powers. He was, in fact, strongly believed to be in direct communion with the Devil.

And so, as the legend goes, when all other ways of spanning the chasm over the Gard failed, the townsmen of Nîmes sent for Ethérard and offered him a fabulous sum if he would build a bridge over the valley, either by holy or unholy methods. Ethérard, a man of utmost

avarice, instantly agreed and then moved his home and family to the banks of the Gard. His next step was to journey to a most desolate, unearthly and secret region, known today as Les Baux. Here he communed with the Devil for a day and a night.

Now the Devil in those days had human as well as inhuman desires. Many times he had cast eyes of longing upon that lady of stern and commanding beauty, Madame Ethérard, but she was guarded in her home far too closely ever to be abducted by force. He therefore resorted to cunning. He agreed to make the bridge on one condition only: "To me shall belong whatsoever creature shall first pass from one bank to the other."

And so Ethérard, with an army of helpers at his command, began the colossal structure. The Devil showed him how to place piles in the river bed, how to divide the torrent in its mad course, so that its force was weakened. He taught him how to measure and cut the massive rock so accurately that neither cement nor mortar was used. He devised means to raise the ponderous masses up above the river level and then arranged the supporting arches so that the tremendous weight of stone was evenly distributed. The conduit, six feet high and four feet broad, was made along the last tier of arches on an exact level with the previous work of Rome. Finally huge slabs, nine feet long and three feet broad, were dragged into position to protect the water and to serve as a bridge across the valley. The impossible was accomplished; nature had been defied.

Ethérard, in his excitement over the bridge, forgot not only the Devil, but even his own wife. In awe he stood at a little distance from the top and looked down upon the river, one hundred and sixty feet below, across to the other side, eight hundred and ten feet away, and at the three tiers of arches, each perfect in the most minute detail. Marvelous! Behind, also at a little distance from the top, stood Madame Ethérard. In her mind was forming a mad desire to dash out upon the bridge and reach the other side, for the Devil, seeing Ethérard off his guard, had entered her soul and was urging her on to ruin. Slowly she approached the fatal structure; she walked as in a trance, as one not in control of her senses. Then, as her foot hovered above the first slab, as the Devil seemed about

to triumph, the hand of God intervened—a rabbit leaped suddenly from the bushes at her side and touched the bridge a moment before her. Then, as Madame walked slowly on to the opposite side, the rabbit ran on in front. The Devil, in a fearful rage at being so foully tricked, left the woman's soul and changed back to his original shape. From the center of the aqueduct he sprang far into the air, descended with terrific force, and disappeared, never again to be seen.

The marks of the Devil's hoof may still be seen today, implanted in the solid rock of that age old bridge known as the *Pont du Gard*.

“The Eight Ball”

BY JOSEPH H. WOODWARD

BANJO BILL lived in the little village of Tombigbee, which is forty-two miles from a railroad, but, unfortunately, this railroad was discontinued in 1886; thus the actual distance to the nearest rail transportation is something over fifty miles. The population of this metropolis was two hundred and fifty-two; there were two white people present. Now Banjo Bill had been born and raised in Sumter County, and the fact that he had never seen a movie, heard a radio, been hit by an automobile, or been arrested by the revenue officers gave Banjo no cause for worry. On one gala occasion, he had ridden a mule into Greene County for the purpose of matching his undefeated game rooster against another rooster of wide reputation. This was the farthest he had ever been from home; and from this memorable journey of thirty miles, he returned minus one mule, one game rooster, two dollars, and any further ambition to travel.

The physical appearance of Banjo was somewhat like the country in which he dwelt,—large, happy, and very rough. His color was not what the negroes call a “midnight” black, nor was it a “high yellah”; it was just between. In height, he could not have

been more than five feet three inches, but he adequately made up for this deficiency in length by his abnormal width. All the 'Bigbee folks contended that he could put a whole pie within his mouth at once. His entire estate consisted of a disreputable shack, a banjo, an old shot-gun, a razor, and a remarkable ability for sleeping. For a living, he was his brother's keeper, who had died some ten years before. When he needed money badly, and not until then, he would get a job at a lumber camp nearby as a "logger" and then proceed to get paid for his sleeping. He would sleep to the amount of Five Dollars, then quit, for to Banjo's way of thinking, more than Five Dollars was a super-abundance.

The town was supplied by Mr. Allison, who ran, and had run, the store for many years. In exchange for his salt, meal, sugar, tobacco, etc., he received the cotton of his negro debtors. The big event of the year took place when the steamboat arrived from down river to get the cotton. It was the one time of the year when the entire population was awake at the same time. On one trip, the decrepit old lady, CLARA BELLE, brought not only the supplies, but, in addition, a pool table for one Sam Solomon. At the same time, a huge negro disembarked, and it was reported that this same negro was wanted by a certain white gentleman who wore a star. The huge negro had desired no such amusement and forthwith had quietly departed for other and more distant parts. His magnitude had never been accurately measured, only approximated and then slightly exaggerated. The immense black was known as "Eight-ball" Ed, because of his inky blackness, and because, as you know, the eight ball in pool is black. Not only did he possess the usual and unusual characteristics of his race, such as a fine voice, a good disposition, and a strong constitution, but he likewise had a highly developed sixth sense in regard to the habitual avoidance of any form of manual labor. Immediately upon disembarking, he asked the inert form of Banjo, "Whar at kin Ah git me a job which don't have no work 'tached to hit, nigger?" He was assured by the obliging Banjo that a job with no work attached to it was the only kind he had ever anything to do with, and that such a job might be secured at the lumber camp nearby.

As Eight-ball shuffled his tremendous feet by the women sitting on the bank, they nudged each other and giggled. Such remarks as "Ain't he some nigger?" and "Lordy, ain't he some powerful big?" came to the ears of the gigantic black. As he passed a pile of logs on which sat a solitary young negro woman, he showed two snow-white sets of ivory eating implements, and pleasantly remarked, "Sho a fine day, ain't it, Honey?"

"Who you be callin' 'Honey'?" the young negress demanded, trying to conceal a grin.

"You be de only one 'round heah," Eight-ball smilingly replied, "so Ah speck hit's you."

"Well, listen heah, Big Nigger, you shobettar not let mah man see you talkin' to me, coz, if he do, he'll sho 'nilate you plenty!"

"Now, wait a minute,—who is dis man of yourn who you be talkin' so big about? Ah ain't nebber been told by nobody whar to git to, 'cept de white folks. Whar at is dis nigger of yourn? Ah craves to see him."

"Big Boy, you is just about to git acquainted!" she excitedly said, pointing to something behind Eight-ball.

The ponderous negro turned just as the short, squat form of Banjo loomed on the scene of action. In the eyes of Banjo there was menace, mingled, however, with some apprehension. "City nigger," the enraged Banjo bellowed, "Ah'm a-tellin' you now, dat's mah woman which you is talkin' to, and Ah don't want you to start no great big 'miration wid her nether!"

"Who is you, anyway?" calmly demanded Eight-ball, as he haughtily and contemptuously eyed the squat form of Banjo.

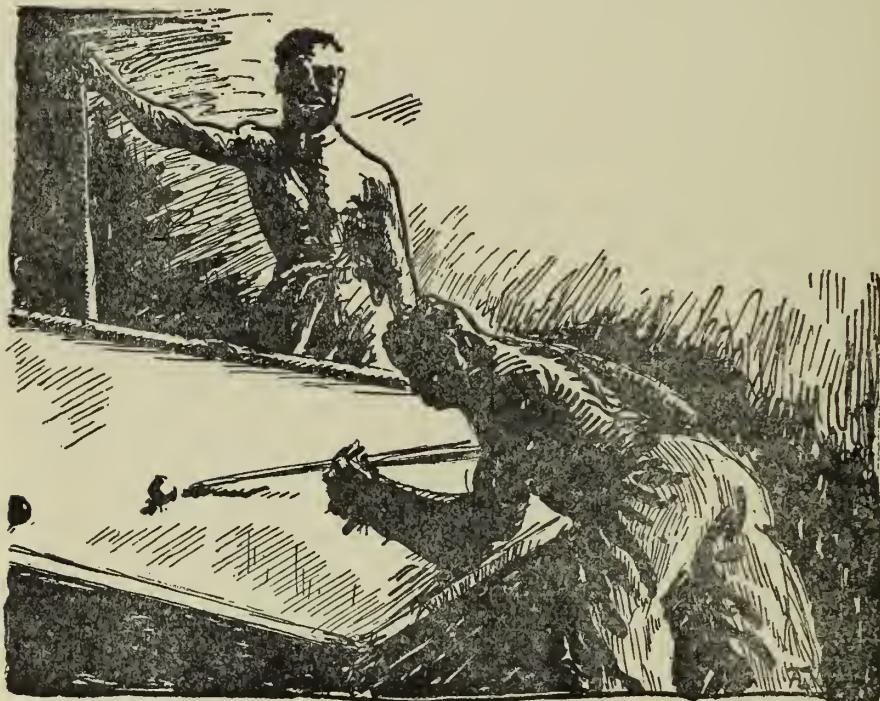
"Ah'm me," howled Banjo, "and if you don't git away frum mah woman, and git right now, you is sho gonna find out sudden-like!"

"Listen heah, insignificant, if you was to keep dat big mouf of yourn shut, wouldn't nobody know you was a half-wit?"

Banjo noted the tremendous size of his antagonist and decided that the better part of valor was prudence; thus with hatred in his soul, and threats on his lips, Banjo discreetly departed.

Things went from very bad to worse,—at least the crest-fallen

Banjo thought so. Not only had his woman, Lizzy, informed him that she had another man, but she would have nothing to do with him. With affairs in such a deplorable state, Banjo took even more heavily to drink than before, and spent whole days playing the forbidden game of pool at Sam Solomon's disreputable establishment. That in itself branded him as a bad man, for the game had been denounced as an instrument of the devil by the women and preachers, who ran 'Bigbee just as they run every other town in the county with a popula-



tion of more than one. Lizzy had explicitly commanded her man, Eight-ball, not to partake of the game's pleasures if he had any desire to remain on the good side of her. The Eight-ball, nevertheless, still had the burning desire to show his skill at the game, and the thought of defeating his already vanquished rival made of his desire an obsession, because his love for Banjo was by this time a large negative quantity.

On the late afternoon of a summer's day, this golden opportunity

presented itself. As the general population of the town slept on, or around, the porch of the store, Banjo reeled into sight, somewhat more full of "red-eye likker" and hatred than usual. At the moment he espied Eight-ball (in fact, he espied several Eight-balls at the same time), he began a steady but rather winding approach, nor did he neglect to cast many and loud aspersions at the inert Eight-ball. When he had come to within thirty feet of the porch, he made a brief halt for breath and military preparations; then he bellowed: "Ah done come fer to cut your throat, you black nigger, and Ah'm gonna do hit up brown!" After assuring the Eight-ball of his brotherly intentions in such a way as to be heard on the coast of South America, he started his advance once more. Eight-ball slowly opened his eyes, yawned, stretched those tremendous arms of his to their full vantage, then said in a slightly annoyed voice. "Go on 'way frum heah, nest.—Ah gotta lotta sleepin' to do and Ah ain't got time fer nothin' else now."

Banio had no such peaceable intentions, and as the distance decreased between the two, the interest of the onlookers visibly increased. All this time, Banjo had kept up a steady stream of comments, some of which might have been termed ungentlemanly, but all of which could have been correctly called loud. At the critical moment, Mr. Allison appeared in the doorway of his store, heavy-eyed but menacing. The word of a white man is law, even to the befuddled brain of Banjo: the command to drop that razor was unhesitatingly obeyed, more from habit than fear. The face of Eight-ball became as the shining of the sun on a cloudy day; he had an idea. The Eight-ball felt peculiar, with such a rare thing in his possession, but, nevertheless, he was not so completely dumfounded that he was unable to depart with his stroke of genius.

"Banjo," said the radiant Eight-ball, "Ah heah dat you is some fine pool player. Now Ah ain't so bad at dat ole game misself. Ah'll tell you whut us'll do; you and me is gonna play three racks of pool, and the one what loses is got to go down de rivah tonight on de CLARA BELLE and not come back no moah."

If Banjo had been sober in any degree whatsoever, he would not have agreed to such a one-sided arrangement, but instead of judgment (which is a prominent characteristic in the negro race

because of its conspicuous absence) he used his head, or in plainer words, he did not think at all.

“Yeah,” Banjo replied, after a moment’s hesitation, “Ah guess dat’s fair ‘nuf!” The news that Banjo and Eight-ball were to settle their difficulties on the pool table, and not on each other’s throats, spread through the sleeping village like a spring freshet. In an incredibly short time, the entire population was gathered in or around the establishment of Sam Solomon. When the third rack was begun, the score was seventeen to thirteen in favor of Eight-ball. Banjo broke for the third and last rack and got none. Amid the strained silence, Eight-ball put the nine in a side pocket, then missed an easy shot at the thirteen ball, for which he loudly lamented. Banjo, who was becoming more sober as time went on, made a heroic run of five, thus putting the score eighteen to eighteen. The Eight-ball then got four, and Banjo did likewise, making the count twenty-two to twenty-two. The huge negro knew that if he got that last ball, the game was his; and he also knew that if he missed, his chances of taking a trip South were excellent. Of a sudden, his countenance lit up, his eyes shone like two moons, and his whole soul radiated confidence; the ball at which he was shooting was none other than the *eight ball!* The eight ball,—it could not forsake its namesake in this hour of need; that pitch black sphere would not fail him; it knew who was shooting. The Eight-ball’s eyes rolled in a most distressing way and his huge teeth gleamed. At the same time, Banjo’s eyes did the same thing, and he, too, grinned with an air of infallibility, for he had just remembered his lucky foot. Why had he not thought of it before? Oh, well, it didn’t matter now; he couldn’t lose! That left hind foot of a three-year old rabbit had never failed him, and he was more than confident that victory was only a question of time.

The giant black named the end pocket and shot. There was an audible intake of breath from the startled audience; the eight ball had split wide open, one half rolling into the pocket named, and the other half bounding crazily to the floor!

“You loses!” gleefully howled the elated Banjo.

“You is just half right, coz Ah got half of what Ah shot at!” Eight-ball retorted with justification and feeling.

Before this argument could be replied to, the much disputed

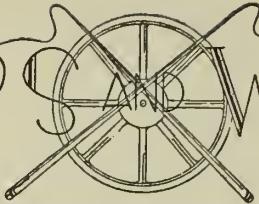
Lizzy made a hurried, if not wholly graceful, entry of one. She was quite out of breath from her run to arrive on the battle-field before the fray should end. Between gasps for air, she insinuated many things concerning the immediate ancestry of the two contestants, which no lady should have insinuated. To back up her one-sided argument, she began to hurl pool balls and pool cues at the thoroughly cowed lovers. Just as she hurled the last ivory apple, Eight-ball came to the conclusion that a joke was a joke, but this evidently wasn't one; so he made a sudden unceremonious exit through the side of the house, closely seconded by the short figure of his recent rival. With wood and tar paper streaming behind, Eight-ball made his course toward the river, and not so far behind came the shuffling Banjo. Just as a parting gift to her fast-receding admirers, Lizzy threw one-half of the broken eight ball, which hit just in front of Eight-ball, who made a running pick-up, "à la Atalanta", and proceeded at full speed.

Two days later, on the dilapidated fore deck of the CLARA BELLE, two negroes lay basking in the sun. The larger of the two, a huge negro, was absently caressing one-half of a pitch black sphere and grinning from ear to ear. If you had been close enough, you would have heard him mutter something like, "Ol' ball, Ah know'd you'd bring us through on the long end of dat deal." Sitting beside the big negro, the smaller one was likewise lovingly caressing a luck token. The smaller one slowly brought the left hind foot of a three-year old rabbit to his ample lips and murmured, "Ol' foot, you ain't never failed me, and you sho pulled me out of a heap o' truble just recent."

The larger negro turned to his smaller companion and remarked good-naturedly, "Banjo, ain't it a good thing us left 'fore Lizzy seen us?"

"Eight-ball," replied Banjo, "you is sho gittin' eddicated quick."

WHIP & WHEELS



Dust

(With apologies to Josh Billings)

BY CHARLES S. UNDERHILL

DUST iz a kweer thing. It implize the kumpleet disintegrashun of something. Yu find dust evrywhere—in Sandy McGregorz perse and in Westminster Abbey. It kant be got away frum, try ez yu may. Most peeples dont try to git away frum it, but rethur try to git it away frum them, sech ez with mops. But mops dont do the bizniss rite; they mirrly raize up a klowd of coff aggervaterz and allow it to settle wuntz agen, which iz bad. I hev seen dust travlle abowt the same room in a cerkle. Ferst: the dust wood be moppt off uv the winder-sill, and wood settle in a klowd on the mantelpiece; then it wood be swept off there onto a table; and sow on, until the orbitt uv the rume hez bin kumpleeted. After klos obzervashuns I hev kum to this konkloosiu: thet dust hez a fare chantz if it landz (wun) on a chare, wentz it will fuynd itz way to the kleeners in the fourm uv pentz thet kneed kleening, and (tew) if it landz in a bookkase, and eeven then sum peeples wont giv it a much kneeded rest, but will apply there mop with eeven mor dilidgintz thet it may kumplete its orbitt. In kunnexhun with the last menshunned thot, nevir blo uther peoplez bookz, as it makez them think yu hev bekum deelingkwent with regards to yoore orbitts. Sum peopple, I fuynd, insist on keeping dust fourever on the run. Theez peopple deerive grate satisfachun frum watshing the dust klowds on sunny mourningz make raneboz up to there windoz, but the raneboz looz haff there charm becauyze the ownly koller vizibul iz a sikkly kat-tale-fuzz gray.

Therez annuther kuynd uv dust, tho. Thiss iz the dust the poe-
etts harp on. Take four egzampul: ashiz to ashiz, dust to dust. This
simpply meenz: dgust az shure az ashiz return to ashiz, yu will retern
to dust. This iz nott plezzent to contemplate, espeshiully wen sum
sow-kawled poe-etts add sech frazes as “the vuyle dust frum wentz
he sprung”.

I kant help thinking thet it is almost nausheyating to ponder on
hooz dust the abuv menshunned dilidgint foakes may bee cerklating
with there tuyrliss moppes. Sum peopple hev a fanssy thet wen thay
duy, there dust must be tranzported to the topp uv sum hill, ware the
mourning breezes may tranzlate it to the huyer relms wich awate
them—akkording to there opinion. In re-allity iff sech a serrymony
wurr karreed awff, the dust wood undowtedly fuynd its way to sum-
buddyz howse, ware it wood sertenly kommentz an orbitt—butt nott
a verry eethirial wun. Aghen, uther pursonz luyke to think thet
there boddyz may bee dooing sum good after deth, and sow thay
dikkree thet there remanes be yoosed az a phertilizer (a phakt ariz-
ing frum the beleef thet there iz a praktickle amownt uv luyme in
bonez) four a bedd uv flowerz. I wood sugjest forget-me-notts, if
ennybuddy inveegled me into sech a dispole of myself.

“*Flying Made Easy*”

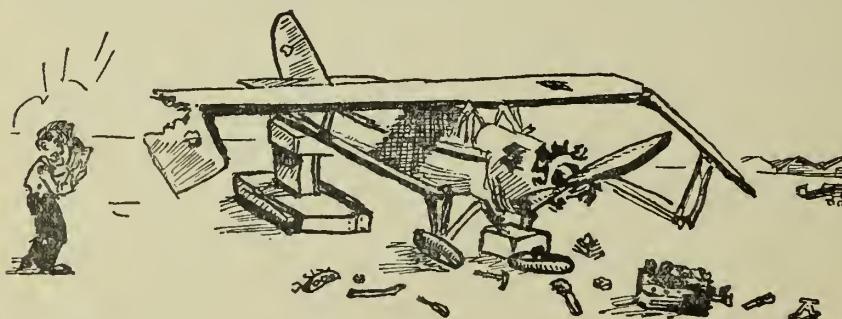
BY EDWARD R. BOSLEY, JR.

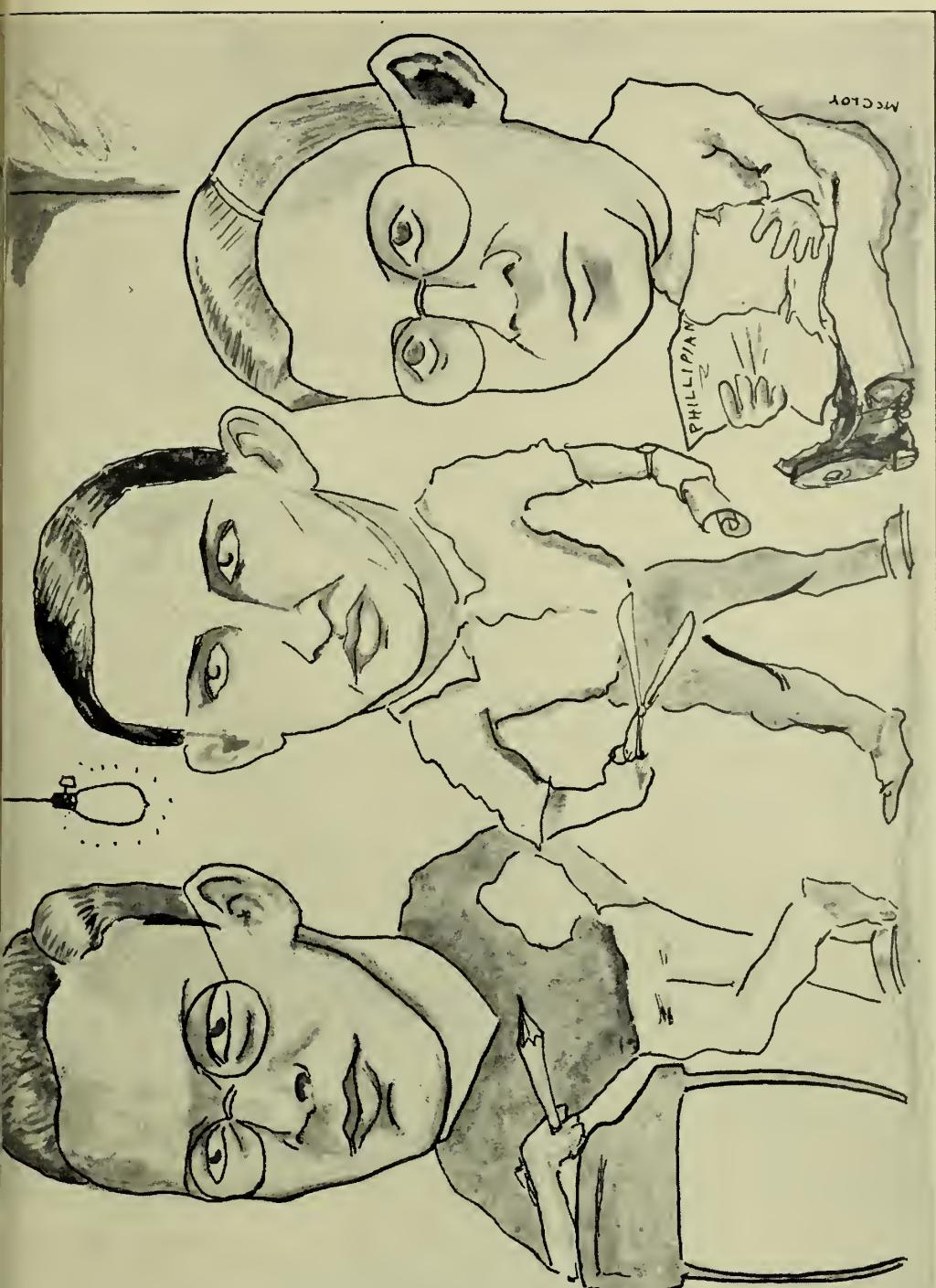
WITH the great strides made in recent years in the field of
aviation has come the universal necessity of civilian
instruction. Since the cost of regular flying school courses
is almost prohibitive for the average person, a set of in-
structions is herewith set forth.

First it will be necessary to get hold of a plane to practice with.
This should not be difficult, as there are any number of them in most
localities. I have seen several myself (planes, I mean, not local-
ties). Next, get the plane out to the airport; any old airport will
do, as long as it is equipped with administration buildings, plenty
of hangars, machine shops, and mooring masts.

Now comes the primary step in actual instruction. Get into the "seat", and for the next five minutes, wriggle all the jiggers and handles that you can lay your hands on. This is called "getting accustomed". You will probably learn nothing from this; so go ahead with the next step. This consists of "taking down" the "engine". Technically, "taking down" really means "taking apart". I don't understand why the smarties don't say what they mean. Anyway, if there was nothing wrong with the "motor" at the beginning, don't worry, because there will be when, and if, you get it together again. If, however, you can't get the thing together, call one of the mechanics that are always hanging around airports, who, for a paltry five dollars or so an hour, will be glad to put the "engine" back in shape. If you pull it apart enough times, you ought to be able to pass time trials in this operation not exceeding ten minutes without the use of dynamite. Eventually you should attain such proficiency that if the need arises to "take down" the motor in mid-air, you will probably have a peck of fun doing it. In this case, you will take down the whole plane also, because if you don't, it will in all probability come down by itself.

A knowledge of the instruments is sometimes handy for those who intend to take up flying more thoroughly. The funny-looking stick poking up from the floor is called a "stick", because that's the name for it. You can have a lot of fun with this in the air by pulling it back and forth. Don't bother about the things on the dashboard, because that only makes flying harder for you amateurs. The foot pedals bring about an effect that is called "tipping". This is done when going around "curves". Now, don't bank on what I say, but that's what I heard. Of course, these instruments take effect only in the air. The best way to get into the "atmosphere" is to hire a





"TO HOLD THE MIRROR UP"

pilot who will take the plane up for you. When you are sufficiently high, change seats with the pilot. Don't be afraid of doing this, as there is plenty of room to fall. From now on the process is somewhat like teaching a puppy to swim by throwing him in the lake. The only difference is that if the pup doesn't catch on, you can haul him out of the water, but if you fail, they sponge you up off the ground, if there is anything left.

Now try flying around a bit. This isn't hard. But if the "ground" starts coming up to hit you, duck, and then jump, if you have a parachute. If you haven't, well, never mind. . . . Should the ground stay where it belongs, try a few loops, and then land. If you don't know how to land, write me a letter with an addressed, self-stamped envelope, and I will telegraph you full instructions.

If, by this time, you still really want to fly, go see a doctor. There is something wrong with you.

Epitaphs

By LUCIUS T. WING

THAT very important field, the cemetery, has, I believe, been sadly neglected in the progress of contemporary thought.

The same standard mortuary inscriptions are employed now that were in use in the days of the Pharaohs; this assertion is proved by the statements of those erudite scholars who have deciphered the hieroglyphics on the swaddlings of Egyptian mummies. Whether this strange condition be due merely to human inertia, or however it may originate, I shall try, in my humble way, to suggest a remedy.

The three prerequisites of the truly worthy epitaph are realism, individualism, and appropriateness. No man need feel ashamed of his epitaph, if these principles have been followed in its composition; indeed, he might even experience a certain posthumous pride in the knowledge that the inscription on his tomb has broken away from the old traditions of uniformity. On the other hand, picture the obloquy of one who has engraved over his final resting place the following words: "Gone to His Just Reward". Aside from the pro-

sainess of such an expression, its ambiguity is highly objectionable.

I shall endeavor to elucidate my statements by quoting a number of actual inscriptions which demonstrate the practical application of the epitaphic principles.

* * * *

Peruse carefully the following verses:

“My life was like a little flow’r
That doth in spring unfold,
And bloometh but a single hour,
Then rotteth in the mold.

Or else a little cloud ’twas like,
Which saileth o’er the plain,
Till chilling breezes, as they strike,
Condense it into rain.”

These simple, yet touching, stanzas are carved on the gravestone of a young poet, who, enveloped in a cloud of poetic rapture, walked off the end of a dock, right into the surging bosom of the broad Atlantic. The lines themselves, while lacking in realism, more than make up for it by their beauty.

* * * *

“I’ve raised a big squabble for cash,
For I once piles of money did own;
And on Wall Street my death caused a crash,
The worst that it ever has known.

What care I for all of this trash
Of dividend, margin, and loan,
As I lie here, corporeal hash,
Here under this moss-covered stone?”

As these posthumous sentiments were written for the sumptuous mausoleum of a wealthy broker, the connection of the “moss-covered stone” is not very apparent.

* * * *

“Life was such a lot of trouble,
That I wished that I were dead;
My hopes were all a bursted bubble,
So I shot me through the head.

But now at last I'm safely buried
In a graveyard clean and neat,
With a headstone at my forehead,
And a footstone at my feet."

These truly exquisite verses were found on the grave of a Yale sophomore, whose death was obviously due to suicide. Notice how well the principles of funereal rhyme are here applied.

* * * *

On the other hand, the little couplet below, engraved on the sarcophagus of one Nellie Spillsudski, is refreshing in its true simplicity. Indeed, it is vaguely reminiscent of the familiar memorial to Northwestern's secondary football hero.

"She scrubbed for four years,
But never got the place clean."

* * * *

Observe the trace of realism running through the following lines:

"My chromosomes disintegrate
In protoplasmic slime;
Potassium bicarbonate
And other salts precipitate,
With halogens and lime.

And, as I slowly decompose,
I aid the farmer's toil;
For, in my box of cellulose,
I putrefy as I repose,
And fertilize the soil."

This inscription is carved on the tomb of a distinguished bio-chemist. While a meager knowledge of chemistry is betrayed by the writer of these verses, their application is fully evident. They contain withal a goodly kernel of philosophy in regard to what happens after death.

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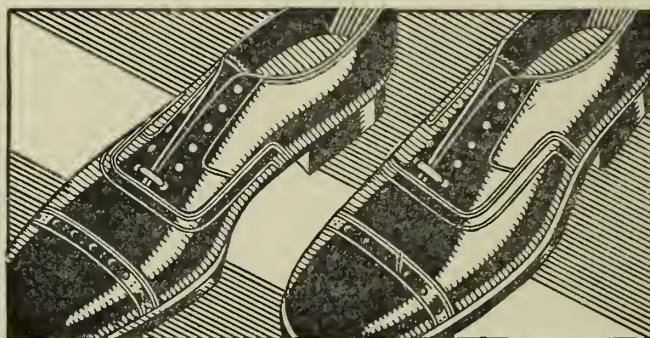
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DONAHUE

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AURORA

Graham Peck

Contemporary Tendencies in the Modern Drama

BY INNIS S. BROMFIELD



HE modern drama is essentially a by-product of the World War. The overworked excuse which lays the blame for many present-day procedures directly to the contest, is in few instances more applicable than in the case of the drama. The playwright now receives a knighthood in England, the actor in all countries is properly respected for his profession, and a private moral becomes a public trust. It is purely the result of removing barriers which hitherto made smug secretion the first social necessity. A certain group of critics and sentimentalists will continue to bewail these progressive tendencies. For them, the modern stage is a bed of disease. For them, a playwright's candid discussion of biological normalities is in itself an abnormality. They admit the existence of a new morality, but would not have it supersede the tone of such irreproachable and long-established works as *OEDIPUS REX* or *THE DUCHESS OF MAFTI*. And lastly they appeal to the parents. "Would you have a younger generation," they ask, "or a younger degeneration?"

But on the other hand, reason holds sway. The War has created a super-sophistication. The playwright is no longer obliged to blush at his brain-child, nor the playgoer at its representation. The one-time crusader for moral uplift now goes to the theatre with a superior indifference. The drama acquires a healthier, more sincere quality, giving the author a wider field for expression and the producer a wider field for accomplishment.

There are at present three nations whose progress in the modern drama well exemplify these changes: Germany, England, and the United States. Germany, for the finest stage technique and experimental acting; England, for the finest writing and her school of well trained actors; and the United States for her preeminent audiences but third-rate plays.

Post-war theatre in Germany has followed definitely in the footsteps of the great northern European playwrights: Ibsen, Bjornson, and Sudermann. These men made motive the all important element in their works. But to attain the proper handling of motive, the lesser German dramatist of today practically disregards outward appearances. A sordid element enters in, so far that one can often see the worst abnormalities depicted on the German stage. Although such plays contain nothing cheap and nothing vulgar, they at once brand modern German playwriting as decadent.

It is the brilliant stage technique of the Germans which more than redeems the play itself. Under the splendid guidance of such men as Max Reinhardt and Morris Gest, a single word can transform the person of a beggar on the steps of a cathedral into the person of a stately prince within his palace. The process of an entire production is a tool in the hands of modern invention. In a performance of the opera, *DAS RHEINGOLD*, given at the State Opera of Berlin, the scene changes from the celestial home of the Norse god, Wotan, to the subterranean caverns of his archenemy, Albericht, without a single drop of the curtain.

In England the Lord Chamberlain is viceroy of the public morals. With hammer and tongs he whacks out his decrees. He is chief censor, and London's comparative inattention fails to discourage him. The dramatist takes to subtler phrasing, and frames his skillful satire with temperate words. The Lord Chamberlain says yes, for he cannot understand, and the play goes on. As a result, the best English playwriting is from the pens of men who are entirely in sympathy with the new, post-war spirit, but men whose work is never obvious, never commonplace, never humbly subservient.

Mr. Bernard Shaw would have us merely sublimated quadrupeds. Mr. Galsworthy is a master of human portraits. Mr. Somerset Maugham would disguise the virtues of womanhood in spectacular orgies of domestic strife, and Sir James Barrie is the only playwright who can describe a deed of goodness without wincing.

The pictures these men create are not morbid and introspective, but productive and wholesome.

To illustrate the superior standards of English acting, let the play, *JOURNEY'S END*, serve as an example. There are at present more than ten companies of this play on the road in all parts of the world, from San Francisco to Berlin, from New York to Calcutta. An English play, an English author, an English triumph. The producer, Mr. Maurice Browne, has in no case given the rights of the play to a stock company or to traveling players. The cast of each company was chosen by Mr. Browne and his assistants in the place of original production, the Prince of Wales Theatre, London. The choosing was painstaking; Mr. Browne's patience extraordinary; men who had experienced the war personally were selected for the parts where possible, and whatever audience now sees *JOURNEY'S END* praises the very high quality of acting it contains. Mr. Browne was present at the opening of the play in London, in Paris, and in New York. Each new company was carefully trained to give the play its fullest significance, in strength, tenderness, and humor. It follows inevitably from such thorough supervision and such circumspect care in every phase of the acting, that the English actor is on a plane of his own. By comparison, the professional Thespian elsewhere is an amateur.

In America playwriting at present is slovenly, and with little originality. The best play on Broadway this winter, *BERKELEY SQUARE*, is a story of English life. Its leading actor, Mr. Leslie Howard, is an Englishman. The play is a profitable success. But the very desire for profit has driven producers and managers for the most part to the selection of cheap, disorderly plays, written by uncultivated men and women, and intended to satisfy a certain public interest in lawlessness, crime, and lust. Such drivel is neither effective nor affecting, but the public thereby risks losing its respect for good theatres. Worthy attempts of the New York Theatre Guild or Miss Eva LeGallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre to bring first-rate material before the public, pass relatively unnoticed. Let John

Colton wedge a SHANGHAI GESTURE into the current season, however, and that season will be a prosperous one.

If one eliminates practically all of the modern American dramatists, the rest are worthy of little more consideration. They copy the foreigner, they create wavering standards, and write plays devoid of other than vicious import. It may bear repeating to call Eugene O'Neill the one acceptable American playwright; but his latest play, DYNAMO, failed completely because he dealt with too extraordinary and neurotic a subject. Beyond occasional native bright spots, and the ever welcome productions of English plays, there is but one great, luminous play to be seen on the American stage: THE FRONT PAGE, CHICAGO, or THE CRIMINAL CODE. So purloined and spineless a process easily betrays the present immature condition of the American drama.

However, the American audience almost atones for the toddlings of her dramatist. In New York a play runs on its own intrinsic value, not on the reputation of its author. The American playgoer, if slow to detect fine satire, is quick to detect mock sentiment or shabby quality. Less tolerant of what is mediocre, the American theatregoer is a greater stabilizer for the dramatist than the Englishman who laughs year in and year out at a stupid joke about Lloyd George, or the emotional Frenchman who weeps continually at the mention of his beloved Little Corporal.

The drama has broken much tradition. Since the World War, subject and treatment have obtained almost illimitable scope; but as in every revolutionary movement, there is a lack of balance. The modern drama is in itself a tendency. Toward what, depends entirely upon the coöperation of author, producer, actor, audience, and critic to bring forth an instrument of stability, pliancy, and moderation.

The Charge of the Dead

BY GEORGE S. DE MARE

There lies a pass near Sardis,
Where the mountains meet the sky.
A place where the gaunt rocks hem in the land,
A silent place where the great cliffs stand,
A dangerous place, remote and grand,
Where the mountains meet the sky.

It was in this spot some years ago,
That the Turks had trapped an Arab tribe;
The Turks encamped near the mouth of the pass,
(The only way out in the grim mountain mass)
And the Arabs must break thrall to pass.

Thus is the story told:—

The skies were turning liquid gold;
The evening air becoming cold,
And the sheik of the Arabs sat in his tent
His men gathered round, faces pale and brows bent,
As they looked with despair at the death quickly sent.
Then the old chief spoke—

“We have fought a losing fight,” he said;
“The ground is covered with our dead;
The old cliff with our blood is red
And we are far outnumbered.
We’ll make one last brave charge tonight
For Allah and our great clan’s sake,
The last charge we will ever make,
But, through grim death, that pass we’ll break
Though we are far outnumbered.

“We have but a hundred men alive
Of the thousand who entered here;
A hundred men to clear the way
Nine hundred dead on the plateau’s clay
But a thousand men will ride today
When we make our charge.

“Gather the dead of our comrades true;
Put them each on the horse he knew,
And strap him to the saddle tight
For, though dead, he must once more fight,
He must ride once more when we charge tonight
When the moon is full.”

Oh the moon looked down on a wondrous sight
For the hollow was covered with soft flowing light
In saddle, they crowded, their robes ghostly white,
A cavalry galloped galloped galloped
Click, click went the hoofs as they struck the hard ground;
Click, click answered echoes from each somber mound;
Through the night went the beat of that dull measured sound,
Galloping galloping galloping.

Nearer the pass this ghost army drew;
The signal rang out, and the cold bullets flew;
But the army advanced so silent and near,
The Turks were touched by a creeping fear.
As without human sound, and without human breath
That army advanced in the coldness of death—
Then the Turks dropped their arms and, terrified, fled,
And the full moon looked down on the charge of the dead.

Thus it was that the pass was taken;
The hold of the Turks forever shaken.
And the old men sit on a winter's night,
And tell this tale by the fire-light—
And they say at the time when the moon is full,
When the shadows are creeping from cliff to cliff
And over the hollow the moon rays drift,
A sound as of galloping hoofs can be heard,
And deep from the reaches of pale milky light
Comes the form of a cavalry ghostly and white,
And the charge of the dead passes into the night.



Once Upon a Morning Dreary

BY INNIS S. BROMFIELD

MR. CLYDE DE V. WICKERBOTTOM, thrice vice-counsellor to the second secretary of the British Embassy at the court of the Perhapsburgs—and then some—, got into a cab. The cab was horse-drawn, the morning was raw, and C. de V. W. had a war to declare. His father had been stern and pedantic in his day, but his mother was known as the brilliant and gentle woman from whom Clyde had got his talent for the diplomatic chore. The morning was still raw.

The war of the moment was with his wife, the present Mrs. Wickerbottom. In fact, Clyde had a decided right to return home at once and assert himself. When he had reached his desk that morning, he had read in the papers that he was to be ranking guest the same evening at a dinner given by the Hungarian Chapter of the Daughters of the French Revolution. Utterly unauthorized doings of his wife!

The cab was still horse-drawn. Clyde's home was the old stone mansion that my readers will remember, about a dozen blocks from the main Platz, and then a sharp left turn, after completing the square. The cab took that direction. Clyde de V. Wickerbottom mused as he rode, trembling and dilate, but trying to think of other things than the H. C. of the D. F. R. dinner.

“....poor old Ben,” he meditated, “....went in his sleep, did he?....Damn this draught! I say, up there, would you go a bit athwart the wind? You know, it's a beastly raw morning.” The morning was indeed very raw. “....and the poor chap's wife, left with a dozen or more kids, and nothing to eat. Not a thing in the way of food....”

At that moment, the lumbering old horse veered to one side, if not by instinct, at least to avoid trampling down a woman, who was unfortunately crossing the street at the time.

“I say look here, my man,” erupted Clyde, “I’m paying you decent money for this ride, and you can’t keep your horse to the road. Will you explain yourself?”

“It’s the horse, sir. I can’t keep him to the road.”

“Evident enough, damn it!”

“The horse, sir?”

“Yourself, if there’s a difference and I think I shall give her a check. Poor Ben’s wife. A brave girl. I like Ben’s wife. Jolly colossal, his going in his sleep”

At *this* moment, the horse, frightened by the proximity of a strikers’ parade, lurched suddenly toward the curb, flinging buggy and all in the same bee line, and coming to a violent standstill. The thrice vice-counsellor was bolted into a semi-pedestrian position, one foot on the sidewalk, and the other still aboard the cab. Clyde fawned clumsily about, and finally succeeded in regaining his poise, if not his derby, that had got crushed under a chafing hoof.

The cab-driver had kept out of harm’s way and was busy totaling up the price of the ride, brief as it had been.

“Sorry I didn’t get you all the way there, sir, but my horse is a trifle wary of public demonstrations. The fare is two dollars. As a matter of fact, as dear old Napoleon once put it, when I was driving him to tea at the palace, ‘a horse, mind you, a horse, that isn’t wary of public disturbances, would never make a good diplomat.’ You’re in the service, sir?” The driver bit his underlip.

“Yes, and I hate public demonstrations, I do, I do,” raged Mr. C. de V. Wickerbottom of the British Embassy. “Incomparable fool that you are. I hate you all, you all! What’s that badge you’re wearing, what’s that badge?” Wickerbottom bit his upper lip and then his underlip.

“My mother’s organization, sir,” replied the cab driver with pride. “Daughters of the French Revolution. We’ve lived in Hungary for years and years.”

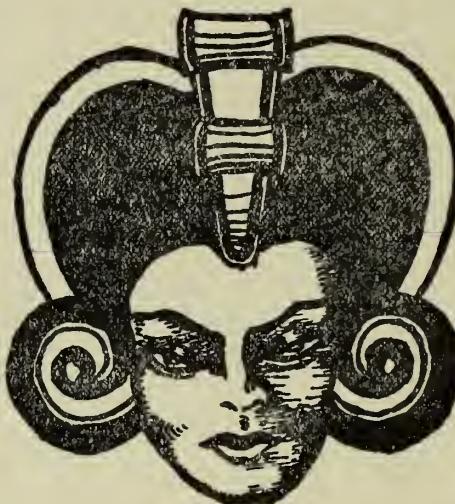
Clyde was unprepared for that! He forgot the raw weather; he forgot Ben.

“Man, you say the fare is two dollars? . . . I am giving you a thousand. . . . Take it, every cent of it, as charity money to your mother’s organization! But tell them, damn it, that I wouldn’t attend their dinner for any price! Man, you blatant ass, . . . I shall walk home bare-headed. . . . Your horse has broken his leg.”

Mr. Clyde de V. Wickerbottom reached the famous, old stone mansion, my readers will remember, but did not go inside. He no longer had a quarrel with his wife.

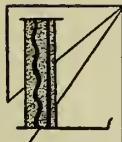
No. 23, the tram that always went to the big Platz, was coming down the street, and Clyde rode peaceably back to his office. “. . . so poor old Ben went in his sleep. . . .”

It wasn’t really a raw morning.



Skepticism

BY WILLIAM J. HULL



THE most valuable contributions to philosophy, skepticism is of Hellenistic origin. No one knows the exact name of the founder for the excellent reason that there was none; it was simply a necessary development which arose to meet a given need in society. I venture that the priests who ran the extremely profitable resort at Delphi had stretched a point a bit too far, and some depraved soul, Pyrrho perhaps, saw fit to question the mysterious mutterings of the half-asphyxiated Pythoness. Be that as it may, it was a sad day for mankind when the first doubter was born. Alas for the Olympian gods when Greece began to think! And in these later days weep for Yaweh of Biblical fame, for he too is dead to the minds of thinking men. Not only to the world of religion but even toward social and political institutions has the skeptic turned his eye. Why should we, he says, accept as infallible social instruments the outworn relics of barbarians? What of our marriage customs? We are still applying in a highly industrialized age a system devised to meet the needs of the agricultural period of man's existence. When we view the remains of countless families split asunder by Reno and Paris and hear the newspapers blatantly bawling about the looseness of public morals, should we not at least begin to examine the causes which make such a condition possible?

The Church in her ancient wisdom and the state (whose sagacity is somewhat more questionable) have not been oblivious to the attacks of the doubters, and many are the means employed to retain power and prestige. The state passes laws, and the Church invents catch words. It is one of the interesting paradoxes of American civilization that New York State has a law which prohibits any teacher from presenting political theory denunciatory to or advocating the modification of the existing form of the government. What

a time the demagogues would have with Jesus of Nazareth if he were to come and preach the heavenly kingdom in this democracy. I sadly fear that our friends of the Baboon Commonwealth of Tennessee would make short shrift of Mr. Darwin if he ever appeared in their God-fearing land.

The Church, on the other hand, is more delicate but quite as effective in her attempt to stamp out the fires of doubt and discontent. Let some radical like Martin Luther question Rome's pet interpretation of the Holy Communion, and the good fathers inform their congregations in lugubrious tones that poor Martin is an atheist or, in plainer terms, a bit demented. And so it goes throughout the whole gamut of human institutions—the skeptics, on the one hand, pointing out defects, and the interested managerial staff, on the other, fearful lest the sources of their incomes should be dried.

But human intelligence increases slowly; it is easier to believe than to think. And so we go merrily on, hoping that after all the old ways are best.

Skepticism is, of course, not a complete philosophy in itself. It is a means, not an end. We must have a considerable amount of skepticism in order to arrive at truth and accurate conceptions. The whole of skeptical philosophy could be summarized in a few sentences, which at first glance would seem quite harmless, but which, if applied to the evidence which is constantly submitted to us, would completely revolutionize the scheme of things. Here is the essence of skepticism: "Not to accept as true that which the experts agree is false; to form no opinions on matters about which the experts cannot agree; and to accept as a possibility that which the experts agree is true." What an upheaval there would be if mankind could ever be induced to adopt those rules which have been set forth by the archskeptic, Bertrand Russell. Fakirs, clergymen, and chiropractors would have to direct their talents along other avenues. We all should be hearing the muffled drums of the funeral dirge of the quacks, the politicians, and the Associated Press.

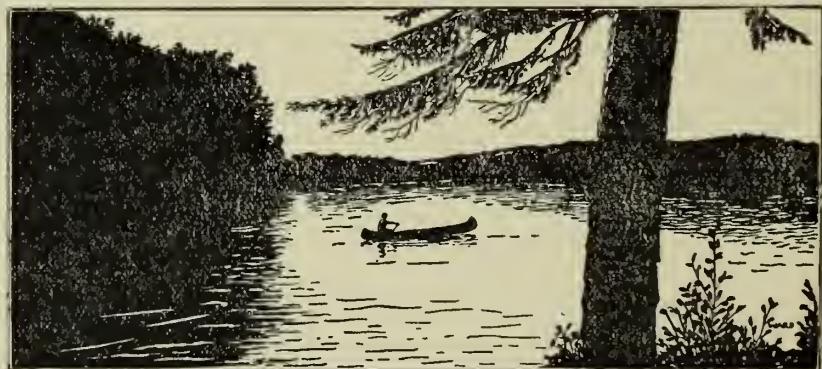
It ought to be reasonably clear that a true skeptic is not dogmatic in his questioning attitude. If he is positive that he knows nothing, then, indeed, he knows that, at least, and his position is weakened. The ideal philosophy of skepticism is a questioning, critical attitude of mind—an attitude which alone can eradicate charlatans from our fair land and give us some measure of certainty about the principles which we ultimately accept. The story goes that Pyrrho paid the price of going to the extreme of agnosticism. "Nothing is certain," he concluded, and when he died, his students, though they loved him, did not mourn him, for they could not be sure that he was dead.

By the very nature of things, there is much of fiction in the world. Desire is first and foremost, and philosophers shape their syllogisms to fit the mold of prejudice, whether their own or that of *hoi polloi*. Anatole France once said that every genius was a charlatan. Of course, he has to be. Without a little quackery he would starve to death. It is especially necessary in democratic countries. The guns of skepticism have not only been firing at popular idols; they have even gone so far as to smash the dolls of the philosophers. All through the Middle Ages logic was enslaved by the deductive method. It was a scheme of things which could derive from a creed defined and sure a coherent system of the world. Most expedient for the scholastics! But what of this syllogistic reasoning, said the skeptics. Every syllogism is a *petitio* for your major can't be true unless your conclusion is true in *ad principii*—a begging of the question; for your major can't be true unless your conclusion is true in advance—which you have no right to assume; and unless you presume that Socrates is rational, you must not start with the proposition that man (which includes Socrates) is a rational animal. Perhaps he is merely a rationalizing animal. On the other hand, it is logically possible to prove anything. Zeno once demonstrated that a flying arrow does not move. It is equally possible to prove that it does, though, to be sure, somewhat more difficult. Logic, then, and pure reason have definite limitations, as Kant so clearly showed in his *Critique*.

Modernity was born with the enthronement of sensation as a philosophic method, in science with Galileo, in philosophy with Francis Bacon. The astronomer multiplied the senses with instru-

ments; the philosopher chastened reason with observation and subpoenaed the most cherished deductions to the bar of inductive test. Then enter the skeptic. Can we believe our eyes with such child-like credulity? According to the testimony of the senses the sun is as small as a pumpkin, and the stars may be only a "rash on the sky". And the discussion of sense versus reason filled many a philosophic day.

The gentle and saintly Nietzsche once said as offensively as possible, "In the whole of the New Testament there appears but a solitary figure worthy of honor—Pilate, the Roman viceroy. The noble scorn of a Roman before whom the word *truth* was shamelessly mishandled enriched the New Testament with the only statement in it that has any value, 'What is truth?'" Philosophers have called it the profoundest question ever asked. Not content with examining the approaches to truth, the skeptics inquire into the nature of truth itself, and many are the answers which otherwise harmless men have given. "Reason," said Socrates; "Sensation," said Lavoisier; "Not at all," said the Germans, "Truth is the absolute and universal personality." "Quite the contrary," said Mary Baker Eddy, "it is God, Good, Good God, the all-in-all, the 'everything-in-which,'" ad infinitum, ad nauseam. And so it goes in an endless whirl—the skeptics keeping philosophy alive by a cogent question here and there. If philosophy is becoming more popular, it has skepticism to thank. For only by doubting and criticising can the metaphysical grain be separated from the chaff. What we need is not the will to believe, but the will to find out, which is the exact opposite.



The Viennese Demonstration

BY ROBERT P. GRIFFING, JR.

(A true account of the Viennese Demonstration of 1927 as seen by an observer).

THE Ringstrasse, Vienna's principal thoroughfare, was alive with marching, silent Reds. Over a thousand of these workers, indignant at the injustices they thought were being dealt them, were marching on the Palais d'Justice in a demonstration of the kind so familiar to this old Austrian city. However, the result of that fateful day in August, 1927 was to be of a far more serious nature than previous events of such a kind. Suddenly all traffic on the Ringstrasse stopped; bars were quickly thrust across shop windows; the great iron gates were hastily closed and locked in front of the doors in stores, hotels, and public buildings. To those of us who happened to be in the National Gallery at the time, this was imperceptible; but sharp reports attracted our attention, and as we looked northward from the great Gothic windows, our faces were illumined by a great blaze which seemed to sweep the entire northern sky. Unsuccessful in the past, at last these Socialist Reds had taken the Palais d'Justice by storm, ransacked it, destroyed all its valuable papers, deeds, and records of the city, and set the architectural masterpiece that contained all the legal departments of the city into one blazing, smoking mass of ruined objects. Fire departments from all the surrounding neighborhood were summoned for miles around, but the half crazed mob impeded their progress, and the building burned. At length his honor, the Burgomaster, appeared on the scene of the tragedy, only to be scoffed and cursed at until finally he had to flee for fear of his life. The police summoned the National Guard, but since the Versailles Treaty Austria has not been allowed to hold a standing army, and so it was of little avail in reestablishing law and order. They summoned help from the neighboring counties, but whatever assistance arrived came too late. Nothing could be done, and the building still burned.

By the middle of the afternoon the Socialists had encamped, as it were, on the steps of the buildings surrounding the Palais d'Justice, and they had transported machine guns to the scene. Recklessly they shot these off until their ammunition was depleted. Others, less interested, idled along the streets, perhaps picking pockets, or aimlessly standing on street corners watching the building burn, pictures of ignorance and depravity. The American newspapers made the statement that a great number had been killed. This was not true, thanks to their recklessness in ridding themselves of ammunition, and few were actually murdered; but an enormous number really were wounded, some but slightly, others seriously. One of the most dramatic stories which developed from this demonstration was that of a Red who had accidentally been shot by a member of his own group. Crawling to the magnificent Rathaus, or City Hall, his finger steeped in his own blood, he attempted to express in writing his last thoughts in blood on the gray stone walls. The man expired in the attempt.

The only safe places for those who did not actually take part in the demonstration were the Rathaus and St. Stephen's Church. The latter with its tall spires rising above those of any other building offered protection to all classes of people, tourists, natives, rich and poor alike. There were crowds inside kneeling at the numerous altars praying for the end of the fighting and for safety, while outside could be heard the curses and shrieks of the extemporaneous orators trying to incite the bystanders to keep the police away. On the portico of the Rathaus stood little groups of men, women, and children, huddled together like droves of sheep on a windy day. Every time the sharp reports of the machine guns were heard, they would run from one side of the building to the other. In reality it was almost difficult to be hit by these weapons, because their operators would fire them mostly at the buildings, but it was not at all difficult to be afraid. Ambulances frequently rushed by searching for those reported to be wounded, and were successful in removing all those who had received hurts from the scene of action. Most of the wounded were the Socialists themselves. By this time the Post Office also

was in flames, making a vivid picture for all who happened to be watching. Moreover, the Palais d'Justice had not been aided and was still burning.

Late in the afternoon the Reds began to falter. Their ammunition exhausted, the courage of the mob began to subside, and some ran homewards. By now the National Guard and the police had been mobilized and organized into one body. The report was spread that the armies of foreign countries were coming to Vienna, and even more turned to their heels. Finally the workers, now only a few, keeping close together, were forced to give up their stronghold and were made to retreat into a side street directly in front of our hotel.

It seemed like a vivid illustration or brilliantly colored picture by a master at his art suddenly and unexpectedly thrust before our very eyes. Streaming from the Ringstrasse against a background of gray and brown Gothic buildings, made even more beautiful by the myriads of geraniums which look down upon Vienna from almost every window and balcony in the city, came a milling crowd of disheveled, ignorant looking men and women, carrying cudgels, stones, and even empty pistols, shrieking against the injustices done to them, and all wearing a little red band around their arms, making a vivid contrast with the drab colors of their scanty apparel. At a distance of about one hundred yards from these a very contrasting scene met the eyes. There, in perfect order, immaculately dressed in their bluish-gray uniforms, gold braid epaulets on their leader, calm and impassive stood the remnant of the former pride of Imperial Austria, the National Guard, now a mere handful in comparison with its former force. The front ranks had guns leveled at the crowd, which dared to advance no further. The leader raised a sword. Silence was everywhere. On some balcony a child clapped. The guard began slowly to advance. The crowd turned and fled. From another balcony a flower pot was hurled into the air at the child. It missed its mark and fell into the street, broken into innumerable pieces. The guard proceeded unhindered to the Rathaus. Evening came on. A child ran into the street picking up a dead, trampled geranium

and a few pieces of broken flowerpot. Townspeople began to emerge from their houses. Once again a lone car was seen on the streets.

It took Vienna a long time to recover from its 'revolution', and the poor, ignorant workers, instead of being relieved from legal jurisdiction, were heavily fined, and many imprisoned. Work had to be begun immediately on another Palais d'Justice and the men who had to build it and pay heavy taxes were the very men who had destroyed Vienna's pride, the outstanding feat of architecture of the city.

Race

BY EDWARD M. BARNET

Myriads of men galloping nowhere,
Striving with might, with hope, with despair.
Some of them win, but what of their winnings,
More of them fall, but who round them cares!
Everywhere people are galloping onward.

What if the road is a circular way?

Often it seems that we pass once seen landmarks;
Those are the moments our hopes pale away.
Then, when our fond aspirations are fading,
Some unknown sight gives reward to our search;
We think that we travel a not yet trod highway.
We press in our spurs.—Perhaps it's worth while.

The Art of Theatre Going

BY GRAHAM PECK

DURING the past decade, the art of theatre going has degenerated deplorably. Time was when the playgoer could watch and, in the more extreme cases, actually enjoy what was taking place upon the stage. But now, at least for those of us who realize just what hell this last war was, and refuse to be amused again by even the most hilarious aspects of illegitimacy, something of fresher interest must be found with which to while away the time absorbed by the production of a play. It is with this great need in mind that I set forth the following games to be played by the bored theatregoer. (You may rest assured that these little pastimes are highly proper, for I have observed their being played in the most respectable theatres).

Chronologically the first, and perhaps the most played of these diversions is called Arriving Late. It is a very simple game and consists merely of going to one's seat (which should be, by the way, as far from an aisle as possible) at a time after the curtain has risen. The success of this game depends largely upon the size and weight of the participants. However, an ingenious person can invent many little tricks to make up for any deficiency in bulk. Such ruses as dropping one's ticket stubs, stumbling over feet, stepping on wraps, and arguing as to who shall sit where are clever methods of prolonging the fun. Much innocent merriment may be derived from the practice of this game, but there is one absolutely unfrangible rule in connection with it—never arrive before the middle of the first act; it is against all the ethics of theatre sports.

Another pleasant diversion, but one which is unfortunately limited to the parents or guardians of children between the ages of five and ten, is called Hushing-Egbert. As the name implies, the game consists of hushing the questions of a child whom you have brought with you. If your child is too backward to ask

questions of his own make, you can easily teach him several before going to the theatre. Accepted Egbertisms are "Mama, why does that man with the big whiskers talk like that?" "Papa, will I have a house like that when I grow up?" "Mama, why do the people in front turn around and look at us?"

Another popular branch of theatre sport is Talking-to-Mabel. Its most enthusiastic supporters are found among the matrons of the suburbs; consequently, it is most prevalent at matinees. As you have no doubt guessed, all one has to do to play this game is to talk to one's neighbor in as loud and aggressive a tone as possible. There is no limit to the subjects which may be discussed, although many consider it poor form to speak of anything which could possibly interest those in the adjacent seats. Here are offered some subjects sanctioned by common usage: Aunt Harriet's catarrh, how to make brown-betty pudding, the advantages of a French seam, and that horrible Jones woman. A form of this game which is often played by the sweet young things who frequent our theatres is called, Shrieking at Eloise. Public spirited souls pick this game to play because, as the players shriek at each other from widely separated sections of the theatre, it allows more listeners to get in on the fun. Unfortunately this pastime can only be indulged in between the acts.

Undoubtedly the most popular diversion yet invented is that one called Coughing. It may be, and indeed is, played by people of every rank, age, and sex. The purpose of the game is to cough at the most dramatic moment in the play. It sounds simple, but it takes a great deal of skill to calculate just what moment is most important dramatically, and then to cough loud enough to inform the whole audience of one's triumph. In large theatre parties this game could be varied in many clever ways. A system of coughing might be arranged to accompany the occasional music, and mass coughing could be utilized to produce sound effects overlooked by the stage manager.

In view of this trend of the audience to amuse itself, I suggest

that the producers keep the change in mind when building their new theatres. Seats might be enclosed in sound-proof compartments connected with the other seats by telephone; this would enable all the Mabels and Eloises to chatter and scream to their hearts content without intruding on the chatters and screams of other Mabels and Eloises. Then too, Mabels, Eloises, and Egberts might be rented at the box office for the benefit of those not fortunate enough to have such companions. All this, of course, would obviate the necessity of a stage. The space thus saved could be used as the location for a large billboard on which to post the records for the longest and most irrelevant speech a Mabel ever made, the most penetrating shriek ever uttered by an Eloise, or the most foolish question ever asked by an Egbert. Why not?



Thus It Was

BY CHARLES STERLING UNDERHILL

“GEORGE dear,

.....And above all, try to keep in good health. As a little child, you know, you used to suffer from continual sicknesses, especially in these cold months of the autumn. So for your own sake, as well as for those loving ones here at home, whose thoughts ever move with the campaign, fight disease. Keep a sound body and a healthy soul, and trust God that thus equipped nothing can harm you.

A heartful of love from your
Mother.”

* * * * *

George had tried his utmost to fight against his enemy—disease. But water was scarce in the vicinity of the Union Army—as in the vicinity of every army; and keeping in good health without a constant supply of water is a hardship at best.

Once while they were in camp at New Baltimore, his tent-mate, Dick, came running down the path, dripping and shivering in the cold air of November, but his skin was sparkling and clean, not dark and grimy like that of many of his comrades. “Say, George,” he said while dressing, “this afternoon’s your last chance for a swim; the Corps has just received orders from Headquarters to break camp tomorrow morning.”

But the sight of his friend made George himself shiver. “I have a little cold right now,” he answered, “and I don’t think it would do me any good to get a chill like that.”

“George, if I were in your condition, I’d visit the Doctor right away,” replied Dick, making a hasty inspection of the polish on his buttons.

“The Surgeon! Why, he has no feeling whatsoever. You know the Frenchman Dubois. When was he discharged? Not till he was in such a wretched condition that he got no farther than Wash-

ington before he—well, you know the rest.” George uttered these words with all the force at his command; and either the effort or the thought visibly weakened him, for he slipped to a seat with his head resting wearily in his hands. Leaving him in that attitude, Dick went to attend evening parade.

* * * * *

A week of gruelling marches followed. McClellan’s position had been turned over to General Burnside; and Burnside was determined to practice several innovations of his own. A new method of transporting troops and provisions was adopted, by which the infantry and cavalry took to the fields and cut across country, letting the wagons keep on the roads and thus maintaining their living near at hand. Everything went smoothly and speedily, and the surrender of Fredericksburg was expected daily.

But speedy marching was a torture for the infantry. Strong men, overburdened by their belongings, suffered to such an extent that they were compelled to unbuckle their packs en route and dispense with everything possible. Others weaker could not endure the pace set by the leaders and dropped at the side of the road, perhaps to straggle into camp days later and be punished for desertion.

When at last the column halted at Stafford Court House, George was an emaciated wreck and quite spiritless. “Go and see the Doctor,” Dick insisted, and finally his sick companion consented. With his slumped figure bundled in a top-coat that had become much too baggy for his wasting frame, he crawled out of his little tent, his mind full of tales—and true tales—of things the surgeons had done. The cold-souled wretches! There were others too who had conquered their fear of reporting to the Doctor’s tent that day; and such a day it was as might enable the most apprehensive to visit the most hard-hearted surgeon. The heavens were gray, and in the north, black clouds foretold storms. The earth was still grayer. All day a mist had been dropping about the camp; and the streets, worn by the feet of hundreds of soldiers, were buried in pools of mud and slush inches deep. The wind whistled along the tent rows,

flapping the canvas and blowing drops of dirty water kicked up by the sentry pacing in the distance. There he trudged—the picket—back and forth, clad in a poncho that tossed in the gale, and looking like a scarecrow. Well did his figure comport with the sombre skies and the bony branches of black, leafless trees stalking along the ridge. Down at the medical tent the little column of invalids huddled, each man awaiting his turn with dread. At last George was within three places of that awful, gaping tent mouth—now second from it—now facing it.

“What’s the matter with you?” growled the Doctor—the fool! At the hesitancy greeting this question he continued, “What are you here for? Let’s see your tongue....Report back to duty!”

George was staggered. It was as though someone had pounded him on the chest with a sledge hammer. “....back to duty,” he echoed and gulped hard and blinked, perhaps to repress a tear. He splashed back to his tent, threw himself down, and broke out sobbing. He moaned—and he prayed, for God must be with the unjustly abused.

He kept to himself for a day, silent and sick. He refused to go back to duty. But a court martial does not trouble itself long with the case of such a stubborn private. He was immediately sentenced to stand on the barrel and to hold a heavy stone in his hand every alternate two hours throughout the day. This severe punishment weakened his physique still more.

The next morning he reported again to the Surgeon. Again he was curtly commanded to return to duty.

But George’s body was not able to stand everything. He had had his little sicknesses as a child, especially in these cold months of the autumn. And the Army Surgeon might command the human body as he pleased, but only for a short time. He looked into George’s face once again a day later in the hospital. But George was dead.

That afternoon the last shots were fired over his grave, and the muffled drum beat out its dreary farewell. Is it possible that the Surgeon stood by with harsh dry eyes to see lowered into the wintry, unwelcome soil of Virginia a lad not struck by an enemy bullet?

Nocturne

BY GRAHAM PECK

Night.....

Thick silence,

Drooping its purple wings over the jungle,
Cradles the mellifluous gurgle of the river.

A heavy moon,

Hanging low in space,

Trails a rope of silver pearls across the water
Which, slowly gliding, towers towards the farther shore.

The restless fragments

Of reflected glimmer,

Peering palely from the depths,
Are like a line of wan and lonely eyes.

Upstream.....

A baboon begins to gibber,

And the mournfully monotonous minors
Fill the shadowy shores with sound.

Swishing paddles

Startle the calm,

And the mysterious bass of whispering voices
Strikes through the night with a vibrating hum.

A dark shape

Looms

On the path of the moon; seeming to stop,
It hangs for an instant and then moves on in the black.

The paddles,

Still swishing,

Recede down the stream; they rustle,
And whisper, and are gone.

Lights and Shadows in the Life of Robert Burns

BY CHARLES S. UNDERHILL

IN this article we are concerning ourselves only with that part of Burns's career which was passed before he left Ayrshire for the wider, more cultured, and more appreciative society of Edinburgh in November, 1786. At that time he did in truth stride forth into the sunshine of national acclaim from a previous life which, though formed of a commingling of lights and shadows, was altogether too shady.

Scotland's "bard of passion" first saw the world amid the gloomy darkness of a thunder shower storming over a little clay hut on the road leading down to the Brig o' Doon. In his seventh year the family moved to the farm at Mount Oliphant, where life was sustained only through the pluckiest and most unstinted labor of all those fit for laboring. Their landlord died, and a blacker shadow fell over the strugglers; and

"....they maun thole a factor's snash;
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse and swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear,
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
And hear it a', an' fear an' tremble."

In Robert's eighteenth year they finally freed themselves of what he later referred to as uniting "the cheerless gloom of a hermit with the unceasing moil of a galley slave." At the new home in Lochlea awaited happier times and years devoted to the merry business of love making. In the pursuit of this pastime, which for Robert still conformed with all laws of propriety; he found his prey in the villages of Kirkoswald and Tarbolton.

"In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
And proper young lasses and a', man;"
the latter group included, among others, Peggy, Sophy, Mysie,

Jenny, and Bessy, to each of whom the poet addressed a stanza, including them all in **THE TARBOLTON LASSES**.

Of all the virtuous lasses, however, on whom Burns had set his affections, he selected to be his wife one who turned a deaf ear to his most earnest entreaties—Ellison Begbie of Cessnock Banks, the Mary Morison of his fondest thoughts. In the gloomy grip of a great disappointment he directed his steps to Irvine, where, in the flax-dressing trade, he had hoped to earn enough to maintain a wife. Here everyone with whom he came in contact was impressed by his moody and dejected manners and, except when in enjoyable company, his moroseness. In this state of mind he acquired a familiarity with a group of smugglers and other social outcasts who frequented the taverns of Irvine, and became acquainted through them with freer ways of thinking and the looser habits of unlawful love. All this put a stain on his character in the eyes of those who knew him and caused to appear in his poetry some lines with which his readers would gladly dispense.

In fact, Robert had gone so far from the straight path that when his dying father spoke out his grave fears for his son's future, the wayward boy began deeply to repent of his previous life and resolved to start out anew. To this end he and his brother, with some shattered remnants of the family funds, purchased several acres of farm at Mossiel within a mile of Mauchline village and thither removed their widowed mother. But the crops of two years failed, and Robert relapsed once more into the vicious habits resulting from his association with companions of "liberal opinions" in Irvine. His ebbing spirits found an outlet in ribald verses and in attacks on the parish minister, who naturally directed the forces of the church against him. This in turn involved the poet in a sort of religious warfare, in which he joined that wholly undesirable group of pastors known as the New Light, who encouraged him to direct his powerful satire against their opponents and laughed among themselves at the result.

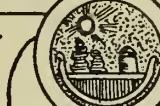
There was another twofold effect of his failure with the crops.

The first was his realization that his destined career was not that of farmer, but rather that of a poet. From 1784 to 1786 he turned his thoughts so zealously to writing that he produced some of Scotland's greatest poems, among which were **THE JOLLY BEGGARS**, **THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT**, **TO A MOUSE**, and many others. The second effect was his turning for amusement to conviviality and love-making. The bonny lasses of Mauchline provided much enjoyable diversion. Then in 1785 and 1786 occurred his distressing relations with Jean Armour. After an irregular marriage had been revealed, Jean's father became so indignant that he destroyed the document testifying to their marriage and pursued Robert with relentless wrath, causing him to skulk about the countryside in dread of the law. In these strenuous times there took place the episode of Mary Campbell and their secret betrothal on the banks of a little brook where, Bible in hand, they "vowed eternal fidelity to each other". This indeed promised a ray of sunshine in Burns's heart; but on that same day they parted, never to meet again.

"Every cloud has a silver lining," and from these blackest hours of the poet's career came perhaps the brightest moments of his whole life. In the dejection following his disappointment with regard to Jean Armour, he resolved to sail for the West Indies and become a slave-driver; but, having no money, he was advised to publish by subscription the poems that had collected in his desk. The result was the famous Kilmarnock edition of his works. In a very short time his name as a poet was spread through the whole country, and letters of appreciation and favorable criticism of his writing appeared everywhere. Thus, realizing the strong powers and the rare gift within him, he departed from the scenes of his youth for Edinburgh and a wider intellectual horizon.

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AS we bring to a close with this number a year of literary resuscitation in Andover, we are confident that ours is but a beginning, a foundation on which will be built next year and in the years to come an ever finer MIRROR. It has been a year of experiment, trial, and error. We have attempted to follow in our general make-up what we felt were the wishes of our subscribers. In accordance with this policy we have made two minor changes in this issue. Feeling that it is seldom that author and artist have the same conception of a composition, we are including no illustrated articles, but are rather providing an opportunity for the original and creative ideas of our talented contributors to find expression.

Secondly, student opinion has seemed to indicate that the addition of a humorous department such as *Whips and Wheels* was not the best method of presenting what light contributions were worthy of being published. We have adopted, therefore, the far more satisfactory policy of distributing the humor throughout the magazine, thus maintaining a more pleasing balance of subject-matter.

We close the year with the sincere conviction that September will bring an even more enthusiastic interest in things literary than the fine support of the student body has evidenced this year.

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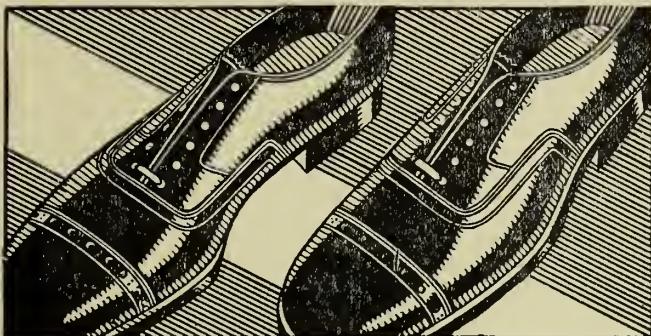
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